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Bellefonte Republican.

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VOL. XXIII BELLEFONTE, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 25, 1892. NO. 33

Republican National Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT,
BENJIMAN HARRISON,
OF INDIANA.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
WHITELAW REID,
OF NEW YORK.

REPUBLICAN PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS.

Benjamin F. Jones,	James Muir,
William Wood,	John H. Sheibley,
W. Henry Sayen,	Coe Durland,
J. Francis Dunlap,	Pierre A. Stebbins,
John L. Lawson,	Lloyd T. Rohrbach,
John Mundell,	S. S. Schoch,
John Hunter,	J. Schall Wilhelm,
Alexander Crow, Jr.,	Louis J. McGregor,
Charles B. Siner,	James B. Laux,
Maxwell Clower,	Robert Pitcairn,
William H. Grundy,	James H. Lindsay,
Traill Green,	Thomas L. Lincoln,
James K. Mosser,	Sylvester D. Bell,
J. M. W. Geist,	Matthew H. Taylor,
Henry A. Knapp,	Charles F. Barclay,
William J. Harvey,	Jesse E. Dale.

Republican State Ticket

JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT,
JOHN DEAN. (of Blair.)

CONGRESSMEN-AT-LARGE,
ALEXANDER McDOWELL,
of Mercer,
WILLIAM LILLY, (of Carbon.)

REPUBLICAN COUNTY TICKET.

For Associate Judge,
SAMUEL T. GRAY, of Patton.

For Assembly,
JOHN HAMILTON, of College,
A. A. DALE, of Bellefonte.

For Prothonotary,
JOHN C. MILLER, of Bellefonte.

For District Attorney,
G. W. ZIEGLER, of Philipsburg.

For County Surveyor,
JESSE CLEAVER, of Unionville.

Some explanation is needed of why the Democrats feel so jubilant over having carried Alabama.

WHY dosen't Grover Cleveland get a divorce from Dave Hill on the ground of desertion and failure to support?

From the style of letters which Cleveland is writing he seems to want the services of the lamented Dan Lamont.

The Democrats seem to think that appropriating $2,500,000 for the World's Fair violates the Constitution only half as much as to appropriate $5,000,000.

Later and more accurate reports from the Alabama election show that there was an organized effort to belittle the opposition to the regular Democratic ticket.

Adlai Stevenson is going to Kentucky to make a speech. He should take warning from his Manhattan Club experience and take his drinking water with him.

IT looks as though Adlai Stevenson, with the earnest co-operation of Henry Watterson, might be able to carry Kentucky for Cleveland and the Democratic ticket.

MRS. MARY BAKER TANNER, formely of Fredonia, N. Y., is serving her second term as County Superintendent of schools in Aardin County, Iowa, and was reelected by an increased majority.

THERE is a great racket in Alabama over the throwing out of whole precincts in estimating the result of the election. The reason there is a racket about it is that the votes thrown out are those of white men and Democrats.

Arthur Pue Gorman has declined to assume responsibility for running the coming Democratic campaign, has punctured the Democratic pretense of economy in the present Congress, and, with a bland smile, has gone home.

"Anxious Inquirer" is informed that the failure of Ed. Stokes' yacht Fra Diavolo, with Senator Hill on board, to appear in Buzzard's Bay, awakens no uneasy apprehensions in the minds of friends as to the possible fate of the yatch and those on board.

QUEEN LILIUOKALANI, of the Sandwich Islands, is an earnest patron of temperance reform. She pays the license fee for a coffee house opened in her capital city by the Women's Temperance Union, and has banished wines and spirituous liquors from her table and receptions.

Wherever the present House has made a reduction in expenditures over that of the last House it is in the matter of some necessary expenditure of the Government such as coast defences, new navy vessels or the like, which must be provided for some time in the future. That is mighty poor economy.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON AUG. 24, '92

Every day a new feature is included in the programme, to add to the interest of the G. A. R. encampment. One of the latest is a reunion of the "war governors" of the loyal States. So far the committee has only succeeded in locating five of the ex-governors—Curtin, of Pennsylvania; Blair, of Michigan; Kirkwood, of Iowa Fletcher, of Missouri, and Sprague, of Rhode Island—but it expects with the assistance of others interested to find more of them. If any reader of this paragraph knows the address of any ex-governor who held office during the period of the war, in addition to those mentioned above, he will confer a favor on the committee by sending it at once to the chairman of the G. A. R. encampment committee, Washington, D. C.

Subscription books have been opened here for the fund for the erection of a monument to the memory of the late Senator Plumb. No man ever occupied a seat in either the Senate or House whose work was more deserving of being remembered, and no man ever in Congress was readier than Preston B. Plumb to take up the fight of the under dog. He already has an enduring monument in the hearts of his countrymen whom he served so well, but that is no reason why another monument, visible to all the world, shall not be erected to his memory.

Democrats have been fond of assailing Commissioner Raum's management of the Pension bureau, but none of them have dared to go into details, although the records of the department are as open to the inspection of democrats as they are to republicans. The figures show that while the business of the bureau has about doubled in all its divisions since the present administration came into power the total cost for clerk hire and other expenses have been but little more than they were under the Cleveland administration, while the average cost to the Government for each pension certificate issued is less than one-half of what it was under Cleveland, to be exact, the average cost of each certificate issued under Cleveland was $24.24 against $11.10 under the present administration. The average cost of disbursing money is also less under Commissioner Raum than under Black. Facts like these outweigh all the lies ever uttered, and it was because he knew of them that Secretary Noble said he regarded Gen. Raum's administration of the Pension Bureau as most efficient, an opinion which the President was also known to hold.

Representative Holman's attempt to explain and apologize for the course of the democratic majority in the House in making appropriations during the last session came near being the death of the old gentleman, who has been confined to his bed ever since his most remarkable statement was printed. No wonder, the task he undertook was one far as explanation is concerned an impossible one, even for a young man, and Mr. Holman has passed the term of years allotted to man. The old gentleman is improving and he hopes to be able to go home this week.

The President became tired of Canada's game of playing fast and loose with the canal tolls question and wired Secretary Foster to issue the retaliation proclamation. This will probably bring the Canadian Government to its senses in short order.

Representative Bynum, of Indiana, does not regard the democratic outlook as enthusiastically as some other prominent democrats pretend to do. He has just returned from a two weeks visit to New York, and this is the way he talks about it: "It would be impossible for anyone not familiar with New York politics to judge of the situation there, whether he remained there two weeks or two months. I don't pretend to predict. New York democrats say things are all right. I do not know." Mr. Bynum is in the same doubtful state of mind about his own State, of which he says, "I think Cleveland will carry the State. It must be remembered, however, (mark the "however") that the victory in Indiana is usually won during the last two weeks of the campaign." The difference between Mr. Bynum and the average democrat who talk for publication is in this case that he has spoken according to his honest judgment, while they talk as they wish.

Acting Attorney-General Aldrich has directed that investigations be made of the charges which have been made against United States officials in Idaho and in Tennessee. In the first named State, the United States Marshal is charged by the general Secretary of the Knights of Labor with treating the prisoners awaiting trial for taking part in the recent Labor riot in that State inhumanly. In Tennessee a deputy marshal is charged in the public press with having incited, and led the miners in assaulting the State Militia. If the charges are proven there will be some vacancies in the Government service.

ANOTHER FREE-TRADE CONFESSION.

[NEW YORK PRESS.]

Here is a remarkable confession from the editoral columns of the free trade New York *Herald* of Tuesday last.

One big strike drives more American money into bonds and securities than all the transatlantic tourists take to Europe in a year. This very money might otherwise have gone into industries and *increased wages of skilled workmen by exerting competition in the labor market.* When two or more employers are bidding for the same man that man makes his own terms, Strikes are costly.

What is remarkable about it is the admission that when money goes into industries and they compete in the labor market the wages of skilled workmen are increased. But it is not the first time that the *Herald* has made an admission that vindicated, without intending to do so some one of the claims of protection. Here is what the *Herald* said on August 16 1890:

Mr. Blaine's talk about reciprocity chiefly benefiting the farmers is a fine specimen of his peculiar nonsense. The farmers will be benefited, but not by new markets for their grain and other products. *They will benefit by the greater prosperity of the manufacturing operations which will result from a wider market for American manufacturers.*

Then the *Herald* admitted that an enlarged market for American manufactures benefited American farmers. Now it admits that such an enlarged market benefits American laborers. There is nothing like an unconscious tribute to the truth.

CLOSING THE WORLD'S FAIR.

In view of the fact that the managers of the Columbian Exposition have decided to accept the $2,500,000 offered them by congress upon conditions that they close the fair on Sunday, and in view of the fact that the exhibition will be closed on that day the brewers association are arranging to open adjacent to the grounds summer gardens to catch the floating population who cannot visit the fair on Sunday. All the Brewers annex will be filled who that knows Chicago can doubt. The secular union also is to have its rooms open on this day. This is an Infidel association and they express themselves as determined to take this opportunity to do all they can to spread their peculiar doctrine. As they express it, "men who have stood for principles, who have devoted their lives to the securing of religious liberty with the exposition closed, will make the occasion a grand educative one and arouse the people, etc." In view of the above facts it seems to us there may have been two sides to this Sunday closing question. For ourselves we like to see the Sabbath observed in the good old way, but in this case have we not given the hosts of satan an opportunity they would not have had if the doors of the fair had been opened; would it not have been as well for the good of all? If the christain people had have let this question alone and allowed the matter to settle itself as it would without their interference? We do not say it would but is not this a question they will have to answer with their own conscience. Sometimes we have thought that it would be as well if christians had more respect for the opinions of those who differ from them and did not so confidently assume that the world was theirs.

GOVERNOR MCKINLEY'S WIFE.

In the staid Dutch commercial town of Canton (Ohio), the wife of the author of the McKinley Bill was a noted belle in her girlhood. Daughter of the late James Saxton, an Influential citizen, and publisher of the "Canton Repository," Mrs. William H. McKinley was active in social affairs until after the birth of two children, now deceased; since then she has been afflicted with a nervous disorder, and is an invalid. The devotion of Governor McKinley to his lovely wife has all the delicacy and ardor of the lover. Unable to participate in Washington gayeties while her husband was in Congress, Mrs. McKinley, from her pleasant chambers opposite the Capitol, followed with the eyes of love the maturing of her husband's labor. Seated in an invalid chair she assists the governor in the social levees he holds in the suite of rooms they have taken for the gubernatorial term at Columbus.—*From "Society Leaders of Ohio," in Demorest's Family Magazine for September.*

SOUTHERN Democratic Congressmen feel that they risk their chance of re-election by voting for an appropriation for the "northern enterprise of the World's Fair" though their constitutional scruples did not prevent their voting for the New Orleans exposition. Where is the "New South" expounded by the late Henry W. Grady.

SHORT TARIFF SERMON.

Cleveland's English Allies.

O, how the Britisher longs to vote for Cleveland!

But he cannot, and must content himself with merely sending over funds and doing what he may from the other side for the cause he loves so well.

He thought at one time that he could subserve that cause by calling indignation meetings of Englishmen in England to protect against American legislation for Americans.

He used, also, to denounce the abuse of the candidates of Protection and laud the representatives of Free-Trade in the public prints. But he found that so doing rather helped than injured Protection.

So word has been sent across the Atlantic by Cleveland's lieutenants that open advocacy of his election by Englishmen must cease if they wish to see him President again.

And the Britisher, ever ready to make any sacrifice for his friends on this side, suppresses his bubbling enthusiasm and now manfully curbs each mighty impulse to say a word in behalf of the American candidate of the Cobden Club.

During a session of the "Congress of Chambers of Commerce of the Empire," in London, on June 58, Mr. B. F. Stiebel, president of the Nottingham Chamber of Commerce, arose and said:

Let me say that I think at this moment, when there is a Presidential contest in the United States, it would be wise not to name the United States so frequently. [Oh, oh!] We have had these things said over and over again, and we have found that the very things that have been said in defence of our interests have given our opponents an arm against us. With all possible respect for the leanings of gentleman present, I would suggest that in wishing to do good they may be doing a great deal of harm.

On July 21 *The Liverpool Echo* repeated the warning:

Now that our home elections are over, the great conflict which is proceeding in the United States of America naturally begins to attract a little more attention. The discussion of the question at issue, from the English point of view, has only one effect in the States, and that injurious and paralyzing to those who are fighting the battle of Free-Trade. Every public expression of opinion in this country hostile to the McKinley Tariff, from a British point of view, is telegraphed across the Atlantic and eagerly reproduced in the Republican papers throughout the country. As we said before, the apostles of Free-Trade, if they wish to further the principles they are so proud of, should rigidly hold their tongues during the present Presidential campaign. Their utterances do incalculable harm to the Democratic cause, and if Mr. Cleveland is after all defeated it will be largely owing to the too loudly and indiscreetly expressed sympathy proceeding from these shores.

How do you like fighting under the British flag, Democrats?

QUESTIONS FOR FREE-TRADERS.

If Protection does not raise wages, why are the wages of silk workers in England 30 per cent. lower than they were in 1860 while wages of American silk workers have all the time advanced?

If it is "monopolistic," why are the greatest monopolists in the country arrayed against Harrison and in favor of Cleveland?

If the Free-Trade editors are not all convicted falsifiers, why does not a single one of them accept our challenge to deny that the paper used by them to write lying Free-Trade editorials is cheaper now than it was before the new Tariff law passed?

If reciprocity is a "step toward Free-Trade," how is it a "sham?"

If it is not taking trade from foreigners, why do foreigners fiercely assail it?

If Free-Trade is "humanitarian," why was Cardinal Manning a Protectionist?

If free wool would give cheaper wool to the manufacturer, how would it give dearer wool to the farmer?

Why have Free-Trade and nullification, Free-Trade and secession, Free-Trade and slavery, Free-Trade and treason, always gone hand in hand?

If your campaign is one in behalf of truth and righteousness, why did you prevaricate so shamelessly about McKinley prices in the elections of 1890?

If we are a poverty-ridden people, why is ours the one country on earth to which the flood of immigration turns?

If Free-Trade England is blessed with greater prosperity than ours, why do not immigration flock thither?

If the Tariff on imports is added to the price of goods made in this country, how do wire nails sell for 1½ cents a pound, although the Tariff on imported wire nails is 2 cents a pound?

If it is true that the abolition of duties on imports would reduce the prices of domestic products by exactly the same amounts, would wire nail manufacturers under Free-Trade give their nails away and present each customer with half a cent a pound on all he bought?

Do you find it congenial to work in concert with foreign enemies of your own country's industries?

Is Grover Cleveland, Free-Trade, who hired a substitute, a greater patriot than George Washington, Protectionist, who led the Colonial troops through eight years of terrible warfare to victory and independence?—American *Economist.*

CHAIRMAN HARRITY will not resign his office as Secretary of the State of Pennsylvania while running Mr. Cleveland's campaign. Chairman Harrity holds the best paying State office in Pennsylvania with one exception, and is besides president of the Equitable Trust Company of Philadelphia. Senator Quay, who once held the same office, resigned it before undertaking the management of another campaign. Chairman Carter promptly resigned his office of Commissioner of the Land Office upon accepting the chairmanship of the National Republican Committee Joseph H. Manley, of Maine, resigned the postmastership at Augusta, Me., before even accepting a position for the campaign on the National Executive Committee.

INIQUITOUS Democratic gerrymanders, designed to secure control of State legislatures have been declared unconstitutional in Wisconsin and Michigan. The New York gerrymander, which was the most outrageous of them all, has gone the same way, having been declared unconstitutional by a New York District Supreme Court. It is a sad day for the people when the Democratic machine is able to secure control of the courts and to influence them to confirm them in their lawless schemes for plunder of power and public place. The plan of David B. Hill and his henchmen to lay violent hands on New York falls through because the people can still obtain justice in the courts.

HOLMAN, the economist, is fairly beaten by the record of expenditure of Congress. He whines in extenuation that the increase over the appropriations by the Fifty-first Congress are due to legislation by that Congress. He means the pension legislation, notably the dependent pension bill. But no attempt has been made by the Democratic House to repeal that legislation. They had not the courage. At the same time it is safe to say that there will be no future increase of expenditures made necessary by pension legislation enacted by this Congress.

PROMPTLY upon receipt of intelligence of the result in Alabama, Mr. Cleveland comes forward with a very sympathetic and touching letter to the secretary of a Colored Citizens Club, in which he assures that person that "I am especially gratified by the confidence which this portion of our fellow citizens is inclined to repose in me and I am sure that I desire to do my full duty toward them." Black men who vote the Democratic ticket have ceased to be, in the minds of candidates, "damniggers," and have all at once become "colored brothers."

Gen. Burd Grubb, of New Jersey, U. S. Minister to Spain, said at the national meeting in Asbury Park on the 7th inst: "The Spaniards live merely in tradition not realizing the present nor caring for the future. The greatness of America is world-known. How shall we best keep it? At the bottom of our greatness is the ballot-box. Educate your sons to vote once. How can we best roll back the tide of anarchy and crime that rolls upon our shores from Europe? We can do it by bringing the women of our land to the ballot-box.

THE pestiferous Enloe, of Tennessee, and the Democratic committee will probably circulate, throughout the campaign, the charges cooked up by that gentleman against the administration of the pension office by Gen. Green B. Raum. Yet the Democratic House, for very shame, declined to take any action whatever on Enloe's report of his bulldozing investigation, knowing that the persons most compromised by that report were Democratic Congressmen.

Little Joe Wheeler, democrat of Alabama, attacked Tom Watson People's Party because the latter opposed the printing of ten thousand copies of the alleged "force bill" as a campaign document and called it a "scaly bark of last year's campaign." The people of Alabama apparently agree with Watson.

MRS. LUCIA JULIAN MARTIN, who has been principal for the last six years of the Training School of Expression, in Indianapolis, Ind., has recently accepted the appointment of professor of elocution and physical culture at Alma Ladies' College, St. Thomas, Ontario.

LESSONS FROM ALABAMA.

Colonel Cockerill Writes to the New York Herald of the Third Party Movement in the West and South.

It would appear that the Alabama election, which was to be a sort of opening gun, has brought anything but comfort to the Cleveland democracy. The People's Party claim that they were defeated by the grossest frauds—chief among them the suppression of the negro vote—and with all this the plurality claimed for the democrats is so small as to be almost ridiculous.

This Alabama election calls attention to the strength of the third party movement. It is impossible at this time to calculate what it will amount to in some of the Southern and Western States. I am told that in Minnesota, where Ignatious Donnelly is running for Governor as a People's Party candidate, whole counties can be found in which neither the republican nor democratic ticket will receive an appreciable vote.

Here, as in most of the Western States both parties are affected, the democrats usually suffering most. In Minnesota the republicans have a strong State ticket, and this may enable them to hold the State in the Harrison column. In Kansas Nebraska South Dakota and North Carolina the agrarian spirit is strong. Intelligent and assiduous campaign work on the part of the republicans will be necessary to check the People's Party movement in the Western States. The democrats will be kept busy looking after the South. There, however, they can apply their own peculiar "Force bill" methods, as in Alabama.

Stagnation marks the political situation now. Up in Maine preparations are making for a spirited campaign. Mr. Blaine has promised to take the stump. He certainly will if his health permits. A ringing speech from him will start the country to tingling. The democrats have no man whose bugle notes can arouse a party as do Blaine's. In New York, where the great struggle must take place, every observer must admit that the republicans are entering the contest with spirit and hopefulness. Even at this date the republican organization is far superior to that of the Clevelandites. There is intelligent management at the republican head quarters and absolute unity of purpose. Reports from the interior of the State are most encouraging for the republicans.

The Democratic State Committee is still absolutely in the control of the followers of Hill. This has great significance. Of late years the republican brewers, distillers and liquor dealers have been voting with the Hill democracy on State issues in order to insure liberal treatment at Albany, this represents at least fifteen or twenty thousand votes. These men do not follow the democracy in a Presidential year. This fact accounts in a measure for the disparity between the vote of Hill and Cleveland in this State four years ago.

The outlook for a national republican victory grows stronger and stronger. The crops are abundant, business good for the season of the year and prosperity abounds. The republican party has nothing to defend save its great system of protection and reciprocity, while the Cleveland party is forced, in the nature of things, to apologize for its very existence.

PROTECTION AND STEEL RAILS.

The story of steel rails is the story of protection. Industrial history of the kind, however, has repeated itself in a score of other lines of production.

In 1867 the average price of American steel rails was $166 per ton. In 1891 the average price had fallen to $30 a ton. In other words, $1 will buy as much steel rail as $5,50 would twenty-five years ago, *Republican protection indeed works industrial miracles.*

The next Illinois State suffrage meeting will be held in the bright and growing city of Aurora, and will be most royally entertained, as it is a city of energy and broad views. Arrangements are already made for a number of speakers of State fame and some noted ones from abroad are being corresponded with to see if they can attend. The date will be October 13, until October 15.—*Illinois Suffragist.*

In the contested election case of Rockwell against Noyes, a majority of Democrats on the committee voted in favor of Noyes, the sitting member. Democrats argued and pleaded earnestly on the floor in behalf of Noyes, the Republican. Yet the Democratic House, by an overwhelming majority, unseated Noyes and seated Rockwell.

Mr. Dickerson (Dem., Ky.) was not unreasonable when he maintained that if it were competent for the House to appropriate money for the World's Fair he was not willing to vote for a niggardly appropriation of half the amount needed.

CORA, the OCTAROON

[Continued.]

CHAPTER III.

THE USURER'S BARGAIN.

Cora's father, Gerald Leslie, was the owner of a fine estate upon the banks of a lake about two miles out of New Orleans, and also of a handsome house in that city. It is at this latter residence that we will introduce him to the reader.

Gerald Leslie was in the very prime of life. Scarcely yet forty-five years of age, time had set no mark upon his thick chestnut hair or his handsome face, save a few almost imperceptible wrinkles which the cares of the last year or two had drawn in rigid lines about his well-shaped mouth.

His features were massive and regular; the brow broad and intellectual; the large hazel eyes bright but yet thoughtful; and there was a shade of melancholy in the general expression of the countenance which lent a peculiar charm to the face of Gerald Leslie.

It was the face of one who had suffered. It was the face of one who found himself a lonely man in the very prime of life; in that hour of all other hours in which a man yearns for the smiles of loving eyes, the warm pressure of friendly hands. It was the face of one who had discovered too late that he had sacrificed the happiness of his life to a mistaken principle.

While the good ship Virginia is sailing away from the dim blue shores of the fading English coast, bearing Mrs. Montresor, her nephew and niece and Cora Leslie, to their far Southern home, let us enter the planter's luxuriously furnished study, and watch him as he bends over his desk.

The burning Southern sun is banished from the apartment by means of Venetian shutters; the floor is covered with a cool matting woven from Indian reeds; and the faint plash of a fountain in a small garden at the back of the house is heard through one of the open windows.

It is not a pleasant task which occupies the planter. His brow contracts as he examines the papers, pausing every now and then to jot down two or three figures against a long row of accounts which look terribly formidable even to the uninitiated. At last he throws down a heap of documents with a weary sigh, and flinging himself back in his chair, abandons himself to gloomy thought.

"Yes the truth is out at last," he muttered; "no hope of a settlement in England; no chance of a happy home on the other side of the blue Atlantic with my Cora, my only one. Nothing before me but the weary struggle of a ruined man, with difficulties so gigantic that, struggle as I may, they must close in upon me and crush me at the last. Oh, Philip Treverton, but for the cruel deception you practiced upon me, I should not be in this position."

Philip Treverton was Gerald Leslie's late partner. He had been shot a twelvemonth before the opening of our story, in a sanguinary duel with a young Frenchman, who had insulted him in a gaming-house. But the two men had been more than partners, they had been friends; true and sincere friends; and Gerald Leslie no more doubted the honor of his friend, Philip Treverton, than he would have doubted his own.

Amongst the debts owed by the two planters, there was one of no less than one hundred thousand dollars due to a lawyer and usurer, one Silas Craig, a man who was both disliked and feared in New Orleans; for he was known to be a hard creditor, pitiless to those who were backward in paying him.

In an evil hour Gerald Leslie and Philip Treverton had had resource to this man, and borrowed from him, at a cruelly heavy rate of interest, the sum above mentioned. Treverton was unlike his partner, a reckless speculator, and, unfortunately, not a little of a gamester; he therefore thought lightly enough of the circumstances. Not so Gerald Leslie. The thought of his loan oppressed him like a load of iron, and he was determined that it should be repaid at any sacrifice. He gathered together the money before leaving New Orleans to visit his daughter in England, and intrusted the sum to his partner, Treverton, with special directions that it should be paid immediately to Silas Craig.

Gerald Leslie knew that his partner was a gamester, but he firmly believed him to be one of the most honorable of men, and he had ever found him strictly just in all their commercial dealings.

He departed, therefore happy in the thought that the debt was paid, and that Silas Craig, the usurer, could no longer rub his fat greasy hands, and chuckle at the thought of his power over the haughty planter, Gerald Leslie. He departed happy in the thought that his next voyage would be to convey him to an English home, where the tyranny of prejudice could never oppress his beloved and lovely child.

The first intelligence which greeted him on his return to New Orleans, was the death of his friend and partner.

Philip Treverton had died a week before Gerald Leslie landed. He had died at midnight in a wretched chamber at a gambling-house. There was a mystery about his death—his last hours were shrouded in the darkness of the silent secrets of the night. None knew who had watched beside him in his dying moments. The murderer had escaped; the mutilated body of the murdered man was found in the waters of the Mississippi.

Philip Treverton's death was a sad blow to his survivor, Gerald Leslie. The two men had been associates for years; both thorough gentlemen, intellectual, highly educated, they had been united in the bonds of a sincere and heartful friendship.

What then were Gerald Leslie's feelings when he found that his friend, his partner, his associate, the man whom he had fully trusted, had deceived him; and the money, left by him in Treverton's hands had never been paid to Silas Craig?

In vain did he search amongst his friend's papers for the receipt; there was not one memorandum, not one scrap of paper containing any mention of the hundred thousand dollars; and a week after Gerald Leslie's return, he received a visit from the usurer, who came to claim his debt. The planter gave him a bill at a twelvemonth's date, the heavy interest for that period fearfully increasing the debt. This bill came due on the very day on which we have introduced Gerald Leslie to the reader, and he was now every moment expecting to hear the usurer announced.

He was still without funds to meet his acceptance. Many other debts were pressing on him; and he felt that in a few months his plantation must be sold, and he left a ruined man. But as the drowning wretch catches at the feeblest straw, or the frailest plank, so he clung to the hope furnished by delay.

"Once more," he muttered, as he leaned his head upon his hands in the attitude of despair," once more must I humiliate myself to this low-minded wretch, and beg the delay which he may grant or refuse, as it pleases his base nature. Heaven help me, I little dreamed that Gerald Leslie would ever come to sue to Silas Craig."

At this moment a cheerful-looking negro entered the apartment, bearing a card upon a silver salver.

"Massa Craig, please, massa," he said.

"Tell him to walk in."

"Into this room, massa?"

"Yes, Cæsar."

The negro departed, and in a few moments returned, ushering in a fat man, of about fifty years of age, dressed in the loose and light-colored coat and trousers, fashionable in New Orleans.

This summer-costume, which was becoming to many, accorded ill with the fat and awkward figure of Silas Craig. The loose open collar displayed a bull neck that bespoke the brute force of a sensual nature. It was almost impossible to imagine a more truly repulsive appearance than that of the usurer of New Orleans; repulsive, not so much from natural ugliness, as from that hidden something, dimly revealed beneath the outward features that told the nature of the man, and caused the close observer and the physiognomist to shrink from him with instinctive abhorrence.

Cruelty leered out of the small ratlike gray eyes; hypocrisy and sensuality alike were visible in the thick lips and wide animal mouth. The usurer's hair, of a reddish yellow, was worn long, parted in the middle, and pushed behind his ears, giving a sanctimonious expression to his face. For it must be known to the reader that Silas Craig had always contrived to preserve a character for great sanctity. His voice was loudest in expressing horror in the backslidings of others; his presence was unfailing at the most frequented places of worship; and men who knew that the usurer would strip the widow or the orphan of the utmost farthing, or the last rag of clothing, beheld him drop his dollars into the plate at the close of every charity sermon.

By such pitiful artifices as these the world is duped, and Silas Craig was universally *respected* in New Orleans; respected in outward seeming by men who in their utmost soul loathed and execrated him.

With a bland smile, he obeyed Gerald Leslie's gesture, and seated himself in a low rocking-chair opposite the planter.

"Charming weather, Mr. Leslie," he said.

"Charming," answered Gerald, absently.

"I trust I see you well, my dear friend," murmured Silas Craig, in the fat, oily voice peculiar to him," "and yet," he added, almost affectionately, "I do not think you are looking well—no, decidedly not, you look a little harrassed; a little care worn, as if the business of this life was pressing too much upon you."

"I have good need to look harrassed and care-worn," answered Gerald Leslie, impatiently; "Come, Mr. Craig, do not let us waste our time upon fine speeches, and sympathy which we can not either of us expect to feel—I know what you have come here for, and you know that I know it, so why beat about the bush? You have my acceptance, due to-day in your pocket, and you come to claim payment."

"You are as proud as ever, Mr. Leslie," said the usurer, an angry gleam shooting out of his small eyes, in spite of the affected smile upon his lips.

"Why should I be less proud than ever?" answered the planter, haughtily. "If you call a contempt for falsehood, and a loathing of hypocrisy pride, I am certainly amongst the proudest."

Gerald Leslie knew that every word he uttered was calculated to infuriate Silas Craig, and that, at the moment when he had to ask a favor of him; but the haughty spirit of the planter could less brook to stoop now than ever—the very fact of having to ask this favor stung him to the quick, and urged him on to show his contempt of the man from whom he had to ask it.

The usurer sat for some few moments in silence, rubbing his hands slowly one over the other, and looking furtively at Gerald.

"You may ask me why you should be less proud to-day than ever, Mr. Leslie," he said, with a malicious grin. "Shall I tell you why? Because the tables are turned since the day when you passed Silas Craig in the streets of New Orleans, as if he had been one of the slaves of your plantation; when you spurned him as if he had been the dirt beneath your feet. I know what you said of me in those days: I came by my money by crooked ways; I was a rogue, an usurer; my ill-gotten wealth would bring me to the gallows some day. These are the sort of things you said, and I took them quietly enough; for I am of a patient disposition, and I knew my turn would come. It has come. The times are changed since then. My wealth was ill-gotten, was it? You were glad enough to borrow a hundred thousand dollars of it, ill-gotten as it was; and now when I come to-day to ask you for the payment of that money, you take such a high tone that I can only believe you have it ready for me in your cash-box yonder."

It was with a malicious chuckle that he uttered those concluding words; for the crafty wretch well knew the nature of Gerald Leslie, and he had suspected from the first that the money was not forthcoming.

"Not one penny of it!" cried the planter; "not one penny of it, Mr. Craig."

"Indeed!" said Silas. "Then I'm extremely sorry to hear it; as, of course, under those circumstances, I can no longer delay putting an execution upon your property, and sending the Leslie plantation and your valuable lot of niggers to the auctioneer's hammer."

Having uttered this threat, he sat for some little time with his hands on his knees, and a smile of triumph upon his face, watching the countenance of the planter.

Gerald Leslie's was a gloomy face to look upon in that moment; but it neither expressed grief nor humiliation, and his enemy was disappointed.

It was not enough to ruin the man he hated. Silas Craig would have given half his fortune to see that haughty spirit lowered in the dust.

The planter sat for some minutes in perfect silence, as if he were resolving some plan in his mind. Presently he looked up, and, without any alteration of his former manner, addressed the usurer thus:

"Silas Craig, sooner than ask a favor of you, I would see every scrap of property I possess sold in the public saleroom, and would leave my native land a beggar. I do not ask you a favor, then; I offer you a bargain. If my property is sold to-day, it will be sold at a loss. *You* will be paid, it is true, but others, for whom (pardon me) I feel a great deal more concern, will lose. Two months hence that same property will, for certain commercial reasons known as well to you as to me, realize a much larger amount. Besides which, I have friends in the North who may come forward in the meantime to save me from ruin. Renew your bill at two months from to-day, and for those two months I will give you *double* the enormous interest I have been already paying—a ruinous bargain for me, and as valuable a one for you. But no favor; remember that! Do you accept?"

"I do," said Silas, after a few moment's deliberation. "The interest ought to be trebled though."

The planter laughed bitterly.

"I have offered you the uttermost farthing I mean to offer," he said.

"I accept it," answered Silas. "Give me pen, ink, and paper, and I'll draw up the document."

CHAPTER IV.

CORA'S WELCOME.

While the difficulties of the planter were becoming every day more painful to encounter, and more perilous to his future prospects of happiness, the good ship Virginia reached her destination, and in due time Mrs. Montresor and her two fair charges arrived at New Orleans.

Cora Leslie had given her father no warning of her coming. It had pleased the loving girl to think that she should creep to his side when he least expected it, and that the happy surprise of her arrival would come upon him in the midst of his troubles.

It was growing dusk on a lovely summer's evening, when the travelers reached New Orleans. Bidding a hasty adieu to Adelaide Horton and Mrs. Montresor, with a promise to call upon them early the next day, Cora sprang into the carriage which Mortimer Percy had procured for her, requesting him to give the address to the driver.

"Your father is in town, Miss Leslie," said the young man. "You will scarcely have ten minutes' drive."

"Ten minutes!" cried Cora eagerly. "In ten minutes, then, I shall see my father!"

Her lovely countenance glowed with enthusiasm as she spoke; while her tiny hands were clasped in an ecstasy of delight.

Mortimer Percy's face grew strangely mournful as he looked upon the excited girl.

"One moment, Miss Leslie," he exclaimed earnestly, pausing, with his hand upon the carriage door. "You remember what I said to you in Grosvenor Square, on the night of my aunt's ball?"

"Yes, perfectly."

"You remember that I then told you that I feared your father's welcome might not be so warm a one as your loving heart would lead you to desire. If to-night you should find it so, remember my warning, and do not doubt your father's affection, even should he receive you somewhat coldly. Remember, too, that come what may, and should the hour of trouble fall upon you as it sometimes does on the youngest and the fairest; remember that you have always a friend in Mortimer Percy, and do not scruple to appeal to him."

He clasped her hand in his as he spoke, and she returned the friendly pressure.

"There is a mystery in your words which I seek in vain to fathom, Mr. Percy," she said; "and I know that your warnings fill me with a strange fear; but I know, too, that you have been very good to me, and should sorrow come, I will not hesitate to appeal to you and your cousin Adelaide."

"Adelaide is a good little girl," answered Mortimer with a sigh; "but I shall be better able to serve you than she. Good-night, Miss Leslie."

He released her slender hand, gave some directions to the driver, and in another moment the horse started, and Cora felt that she was on her way to her father's residence.

The sun was sinking in a bed of crimson glory, and the dusky shadows closing in the streets of New Orleans.

The houses and public buildings were dimly visible in the declining light, as Cora looked out of the carriage window. The place seemed strange to her after her long residence in England. She had no memory of anything she saw, and felt that she was an utter stranger in her native land.

But she had not long to think of these things. The carriage drew up before her father's house, and the door was opened by the black servant, Cæsar. Without waiting to ask any questions, she hurried into the hall, after dismissing the driver; but as she was about to inquire for her father, another negro servant emerged from one of the doors opening into the hall, and advanced to meet her.

He was past middle age. His hair was grizzled with patches of gray, and his face had an expression of settled melancholy rarely seen upon the negro countenance. He was dressed in a loose linen jacket and trousers, and his manner and appearance altogether denoted his station, which was that of confidential man and general servant, factotum to his master, Mr. Leslie.

This man's name was Toby. He had served the planter faithfully for five-and-twenty years.

"Mr. Leslie can see no one this evening," he said as he approached Cora.

"He will not refuse to see me," murmured the young girl; "he cannot deny himself to his daughter."

"His daughter!" exclaimed the negro, with an irrepressible burst of enthusiasm; "his daughter, Miss Cora, that was way across the sea—yonder, in the free country. Cora, the child I used to nurse in the years that are gone by; ah forgive, forgive the poor old negro slave, who is almost wild at the sight of his young mistress!"

The faithful creature fell on his knees at Cora's feet and, clasping her hand in both his own, covered it with kisses.

"You remember me then?" said Cora.

"I remember the little child that I used to carry in my arms, not the beautiful young lady from the happy English land; but the young lady has still the soft voice and the sweet smile of the little "child, and she is not angry with poor Toby because he is beside himself with joy to see her once again."

"Angry with you!" exclaimed Cora: "but tell me—my father, where is he? Do not detain me longer when I should rush into his dear arms!"

"Your father—!" A sudden change came over the slave's manner. "Your father, Miss Cora! He thinks you still in the free English country, and when he hears that you have returned—"The negro paused, with an embarrassed countenance, as he uttered these words.

"What then?" cried Cora. "If I have returned without his knowledge, am I not his daughter; and who, in his hour of sorrow, has a better right to be at his side?"

"Yes, Miss Cora, but—"

"Tell me where is he?"

"In that room, Miss Cora," answered the negro, gravely, pointing to the door of the study.

Without waiting for another word Cora softly opened the door, and gliding into the room, stood for a moment mutely regarding her father. The Venetian shutters were closed, and a shaded lamp burned upon the planter's desk—a lamp that left the room in shadow, and threw its full light upon the careworn face of Gerald Leslie. The papers before him lay unheeded on his desk, with a half-burned cigar by their side. His finely molded chin rested upon his hand, his brow was contracted by painful thoughts, and his dark brown eyes were fixed gloomily upon the ground.

He had not heard Cora's entrance. The young girl crept softly to his side, and drooping on her knees at his feet, clasping her hands about his left arm, which hung loosely over the arm of his chair.

"Father," she murmured, "dearest father!"

It was no exclamation of joy, but with a cry of something nearer akin to agony, that the planter turned and beheld his only daughter.

"Cora!" he exclaimed; "Cora, *you* here!"

"Yes, dearest father. I know—I know that it is against your commands that I have come, but I felt that it *could* not be against your wishes."

Gerald Leslie's head dropped upon his breast with a gesture of despair.

"It needed but this," he murmured, "to complete my ruin."

These words were uttered in a voice so low as to escape the ear of Cora; but she could still perceive that her coming had not given her father the pleasure she had fondly hoped to have seen written in his face, when he first beheld her.

"Father, father," she cried piteously, clasping her arms about his neck, and gently drawing round his head, so as to be able to look in his face; "father, can it be that you do not love me?"

"*Not* love you, Cora, my darling, my darling!" Clasping his child to his breast, Gerald Leslie burst into a passion of sobs.

This was her welcome home.

CHAPTER V.

A FAMILY PARTY.

Let us turn from the residence of Cora's father to the splendid mansion inhabited by the wealthy young planter, Augustus Horton, in one of the best streets of New Orleans.

It is upward of a week after the arrival of Mrs. Montresor with her two fair charges. It is a bright summer morning, and the family party are assembled in an elegantly furnished apartment, opening into a cool veranda, filled with exotic plants.

Mrs. Montresor, who, even in that warm climate, is too energetic to be idle, is seated at her embroidery. Her nephew Augustus lolls in an easy-chair, reading the New Orleans paper, while Adelaide Horton reclines in a hammock near the open window. Mortimer Percy with his hands in the pockets of his light trousers, and a cigar in his mouth, leans against the window talking to his cousin.

"Say what you will, Mortimer, it is most extraordinary that Cora should not have called here since our return," exclaims Adelaide.

"But do I not tell you, my dear cousin," answered the young man," that Mr. Leslie has taken his daughter to his country-seat upon the plantation?"

"What of that?" replied Adelaide. "Mr. Leslie's villa is but half an hour's drive from New Orleans. Nothing could have been easier than for him to have brought Cora here."

At this moment a female slave entered, announcing Mr. Craig.

"Show him in," said Augustus, without raising his eyes from the newspaper he was reading.

"Silas Craig!" exclaimed Mortimer, with a shudder of disgust. "What in Heaven's name induces you to encourage the acquaintance of that man, Augustus?"

"Pshaw, Mortimer, I have none of your romantic notions. Mr. Craig is a very respectable member of society."

"Respectable! Yes; the man who makes money is *respectable*, no matter by what shameful means he makes it. usurer, oppressor of the helpless, trafficker in human flesh—what matters by what hideous trade the gold is got? The yellow guineas will not sparkle less—the hollow world will not be less ready to bow to the *respectable* member of society."

"Fool!" cried Augustus, angrily; "Craig is here. Do you wish him to know your opinion of him?"

Mortimer shrugged his shoulders and resumed his conversation with his cousin Adelaide. Silas Craig saluted the ladies with ceremonious politeness, and, after the first greetings exclaimed with a face expressive of sanctimonious grief and pious horror—

"Of course, ladies, you have heard the news?"

"The news! What news?" cried Adelaide and her aunt simultaneously.

"What! is it possible that you have not heard of Mr. Gerald Leslie's conduct? All New Orleans is ringing with the scandal."

"What scandal?"

"Ah, ladies, you may indeed well ask what scandal; for who could believe that Mr. Leslie, one of the principal planters of Louisiana, should have been guilty of such a treason against the interest of society at large?"

"Treason! Mr. Leslie! What do you mean, Mr. Craig?" exclaimed Augustus Horton.

"I mean that Gerald Leslie has been discovered, within these last few days, to have educated in England the child of one of his slaves, a Quadroon called Francilia; whom he sold to me some fourteen years ago. The girl has been brought up in England, where she has received the education of a princess, and is only through her unexpected return to New Orleans that the secret has been discovered."

"Merciful Heavens!" cried Adelaide, hiding her face in her hands; "Cora a slave!"

"There was one spark of feeling at least," muttered Mortimer, as he watched his cousin's emotion.

"Now," pursued the pitiless usurer, "according to the Louisiana law, it is criminal to teach a slave to read. What, then, must be the offense of Mr. Leslie, in sending this girl to a first-class English boarding-school, and having taught the accomplishments of a lady of the highest birth?"

"A terrible offense indeed, Mr. Craig," said Mortimer, bitterly; "but this girl is Gerald Leslie's own daughter, is she not?"

"She is; but what of that? Born of a slave mother, she is not the less his slave."

"I understand. As a worthy member of society, then, as a Christian and a gentleman—in the sense in which we regard these things—he may send his daughter to toil sixteen hours a day on his plantation; he may hand her over to his overseer to be flogged, if she is too weak (or too lazy, as it will most likely be called) to work; he may sell her if he will, no matter to what degradation—no matter to what infamy; but let him dare to *love* her—let him dare to look upon her with one thrill of fatherly affection—let him attempt to elevate her mind by education, to teach her that there is a free heaven above her, where slavery cannot be—let him do this, and he has committed a crime against society and the laws of Lousiana."

"Exactly so," replied Craig, rubbing his oily hands "I see you understand the law of the land, Mr. Percy. No wonder that Gerald Leslie is a ruined man, he has wasted a princely income on the education of this girl—this slave."

"Poor Cora!" exclaimed Adelaide.

"What, Miss Horton, did you know her?" asked Craig.

"I did, indeed," replied Adelaide: "we were educated at the same school—we were bosom friends."

"Merciful Heavens! exclaimed Craig, sanctimoniously; "to what pollution are our daughters exposed, when the children of slaves are foisted upon society in this manner!"

"No, Mr. Craig," cried Mortimer, with a bitter laugh; "the pollution is in the very atmosphere of a clime in which a father's first duty to society is to trample on the laws of humanity—the ties of flesh and blood."

"Hold your tongue, Mortimer," said Augustus Horton, "you know nothing of these things; Gerald Leslie has acted disgracefully, and this girl must pay the penalty of her father's folly."

"That is Louisiana justice."

"Excuse me for two or three minutes, Mr. Craig," said Augustus, rising; "I have a few words to say to my cousin. I will rejoin you almost immediately; in the meantime the ladies will amuse you. Come, Mortimer."

The young man followed his cousin, after bowing coldly to Craig. The truth of the matter was that Augustus Horton wished to get his imprudent partner out of the way, as he felt that Silas Craig would take care to spread the report of Mortimer Percy's revolutionary principles among the outraged Southerners.

Left alone with the two ladies, Silas Craig felt himself very much at loss for conversation.

He had never married, and he was always silent and ashamed in female society. Accomplished hypocrite as he was, he trembled before the keen instincts of a woman, and felt that his real nature stood unmasked.

But on this occasion he was relieved from his embarrassment in a manner that he had little expected. Just as he was preparing himself to utter some commonplace remark, a stentorian voice resounded through the vestibule without.

"Oh, you needn't announce me," said the intruder; everybody knows me. It's old Craig, the lawyer, I want to see, and I know he's here."

A close observer might have noted that Silas Craig's face grew considerably paler at the sound of his voice; but before he could make any remark, the owner of it had dashed into the room, banging open the door with a noise of thunder.

Well might the ladies start with an exclamation of amazement at the apparition that stood before them. The new comer was a tall, lanky, raw-boned looking man, with long hair, which streamed in rough locks from under his fur cap. He wore a bear-skin jacket, very much the worse for usage, loose knickerbocker trousers, leather gaiters, and great nailed boots; his red-striped shirt was torn and ragged, and a tattered cloak hung loosely over his shoulder. When we further add that he carried a musket under his arm, the reader will be able to understand the astonishment of Mrs. Montresor and her niece at beholding such an intruder in their elegant apartment.

If a ghost risen from the grave had stood before him, Silas Craig could scarcely have appeared more terrified than he did at the sight of this man.

"So I've found you at last, my worthy Craig, have I?" cried the stranger. "I've been over every inch of ground in New Orleans, I think, looking for you. At last somebody told me you were at Mr. Horton's. 'Very well, then,' says I, 'here goes for Mr. Horton's, and here I am; but how is my dear Mr. Craig! You don't seem glad to see me."

"His dear Craig! Vulgar ruffian!" muttered Silas in an undertone; and then, with an effort to overcome his embarrassment, he said, "Why, as for being glad to see you, my dear Bill, of course, I'm glad; but you see—you see the truth was I thought you were in California."

"Yes, where you sent me to dig for gold and keep out of your way. No, the climate didn't agree with me, and I didn't find any gold, though I spent all I took with me. So, knowing I had powerful friends in New Orleans, I thought the best thing I could do would be to come back and throw myself once more on their generosity."

Silas Craig bit his thick under lip till the blood started beneath his teeth.

"But I say, Craig," said the stranger, looking at the two astonished women, where's your manners? Ain't you going to introduce me to the ladies?"

"Oh, to be sure," replied Silas, with increasing embarrassment. "My dear Mrs. Montresor, my dear Miss Horton, allow me to introduce you to Mr. Bill Bowen, formerly captain of a slaver."

"Captain of a slaver!" exclaimed Adelaide.

"Don't be frightened, miss, your brother was one of my best customers. I've done many a bit of business in the nigger trade with him."

The young girl shuddered as she turned away from the speaker.

"I know my dress ain't quite the thing for a drawing-room," he said, looking down at his ragged shirt-sleeves and clay-stained clothes, "but we'll soon set that all to rights. My friend Craig will recommend me to his tailor, and lend me the money to pay his bill, if it comes to that, won't you Craig?"

"Oh, certainly, as far as that goes, in consideration for past services."

"Yes, 'in consideration for past services,'" repeated Bill Bowen, rather significantly. "I tell you what, Mr. Craig, as you seem doing the civil toward these ladies here, and as you don't seem over much to relish my company, I'll slope now, and drop in and take a bit of dinner with you at your own house by-and-by. What's your hour?"

"Six o'clock," muttered Craig, with ill-concealed vexation.

"Six o'clock. I shall be sure to be punctual," said Bill Bowen, "for I've got a pretty sharp appetite. Good-morning, ma'am. Good morning, miss" he added, nodding familiarly to the two ladies, as he strode out of the room.

"What a horrible creature!" exclaimed Mrs. Montresor. "How can you tolerate him, Mr. Craig?"

"Why the truth is," replied Silas, "the man has been of use to me in some trifling matters of business. He has served me for a long time one way or the other, and I've got used to his queer ways. He's an eccentric sort of animal, and he works all the better for being humored, so I over look his uncultivated manner."

"I would not advise you to encourage him in running after you into people's drawing-rooms," said Mrs. Montresor, pointing to the clay left by Bill Bowen's boot upon the rich colors of the Persian carpet.

Silas reddened and an angry frown contracted his sandy eyebrows.

"I'll not forgive him if he ever plays me this trick again," he muttered. "You are quite right, Mrs. Montresor, Mr. William Bowen requires to be taught a lesson, and I think Silas Craig is the man to teach it him. Pray excuse the inconvenience you have been subjected to, and permit me to wish you good-morning."

"I cannot tell you how I dislike that man!" exclaimed Adelaide, when her aunt and she were alone; "he inspires me with a disgust for which I can scarcely account. And then, again, how cruelly he spoke of Cora! Poor girl, poor girl! A slave—a slave like Myra, Daisy, or Rose, or any of our servants. The friendship between us is broken forever, and henceforth I dare not look upon her as my equal."

The iron hand of prejudice had so strangled every warmer emotion of the soul, that the girl, whose heart was naturally good and generous, was prepared to abandon forever the friend and companion of her youth, because the taint of African blood was in her veins, the brand of society was stamped against her name—because she was a slave!

[Continued next week.]

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Don't Wait! Your Kidneys are out of order. Use SULPHUR BITTERS. If you are sick, no matter what ails you, use
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Don't wait until you are unable to walk, or are flat on your back, but get some at once, it will cure you. Sulphur Bitters is
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The young, the aged and tottering are soon made well by its use. Remember what you read here, it may save your life, it has saved hundreds. Don't wait until to-morrow,
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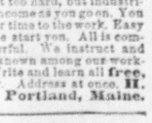
Mrs. L. M. Campbell
Argyle, Wis., says:
The accompanying statement of my weight and measurements will show the results of five months' treatment.

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Weight 330 lbs 255 lbs 75 lbs
Bust.... 43 in. 33 in. 10 in.
Waist.. 42 in. 31 in. 11 in.
Hips.... 53 in. 40 in. 13 in.
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THE NECKLACE.

"Now, madame, what do you think of that?" asked Mme. Valois, drawing from a little mauve-colored velvet case a necklace of curious beads of a substance resembling amber, but having in the heart of each a light like that of the finest opal, and being generally of the color of which we speak as crushed strawberry. "What are those stones?"

"I think the necklace beautiful," I replied. "But you must tell me what the stones are, for I can not even guess; I have never seen anything like them, nor do they tally with any descriptions that I remember."

Mme. Valois looked pleased.

"Ah, madame, I can not tell you," she said, spreading her hands abroad; "nor can any one, I believe. They have been examined by many people learned in such things without having a name given to them. They are pretty now, but when the warmth of the wearer's neck acts upon them they glow like rubies. The little clasp also become transparent, and you see that a toad is carved upon it. It has been in our family a century and a half, and many celebrated jewelers and lapidaries have seen it. I never dreamed that I should be the first to get a clew to the mystery, but I think I have done so. It was by reading your Shakspeare, madame. You look astonished, but it is true. I am much indebted to your Shakspeare," said Mme. Valois. "What a wonderful man he was! It was while reading his plays that I solved a problem that was puzzled many generations of our family. You remember what he said: "Like a toad, ugly and venomous, still hides a precious jewel in his head.'

"My necklace, I am assured, made of those jewels that are mentioned by your Shakspeare. I will tell you my reasons for thinking so.

"You must know that I have in Avignon a very old, yet still very pretty, chateau, which I now lease to an American.

"A hundred and fifty years ago our family resided there, and one day a Valois brought home to the chateau a very gay and pretty Parisian wife. Mme. Valois, coming a young bride to her husband's chateau in Avignon, thought it gray and gloomy, and felt that after Paris it was very stupid. To be sure there was a great garden, but it was so infested with toads that at first her walks among the borders always ended in her flying homeward in an agony of terror, crying out that the little wretches were too disgusting to endure.

"One day, however, as she sat upon a bench beside an old stone fountain, she heard close to her a little singing noise, and saw squatting close beside her on the bench a little toad. It sat quite still and made this little plaintive musical sound continually. Its eyes were fixed upon her, and she noticed that they were very bright.

"'Poor little thing,' she said to herself. 'Really, it looks hungry.' And, having a little cake in her pocket, she crumbled it upon the bench.

"The toad looked at her as she did so, and when she said kindly, 'There, toady, is your breakfast,' it hopped forward and ate every crumb. Then it did a strange thing. It sat upon its haunches and touched its forefeet to its forehead, as an oriental does to make an obeisance, and hopped away.

"The next day Mme. Valois awoke thinking of the toad, and whenever she ate anything she liked very much she saved some bits, saying Toady would like that; and at sunset she went to the fountain, carrying a basket, and sat down upon the old bench.

"Not five minutes had she been seated there when she heard the soft, singing sound, and there sprung to the bench beside her the toad she had fed the day before and four of the most charming little toads any one ever saw evidently Mme. Toad's family.

"She sat in the middle, with two on each side of her, and they ate the crumbs Mme. Valois gave them, and when all were gone Mme. Toad made a salutation as on the first occasion and hopped away backward, as people are expected to retire from the royal presence, and Mme. Valois went home and wrote in her journal—which is preserved to this day—all the particulars I have recounted to you.

"She was now quite in love with Mme. Toad, and every day she went at the same hour to feed the little creatures. She was very young and very much afraid of her husband, who was a very grave, elderly man, and did not like nonsense, so she did not tell him anything about all this, but kept the secret for her diary until winter came. Then indeed she was obliged to confide the matter to her maid, for the dearth of insects caused a famine among the toads, or so she supposed, for when she went to the fountain hundreds of them came and squatted about her with pleading looks in their little bottle-shaped eyes, and all their little hands clasped imploringly.

"When she saw them thus assembled for the first time, Mme. Valois made them this speech.

"'My pretty little toads, I love you all. You are my tenants, being born on my ground. I assure you you shall not starve. Every morning and every evening you shall be fed.'

"After this the maid always carried a basket of food to the bench and madame distributed it. The army of toads swallowed the last crumb. Mme. Toad thanked her as at first, and away they hopped. All this and much more she has written in her diary.

"Time passed on and one day there come a baby to the chateau—a beautiful little girl. Madame was very happy, but she did not forget her toads. Every day the maid fed them and reported to her. As she lay in bed she often said to her baby: 'Ah, petite, when you are able to take notice you shall see my toads.' But while she was still an invalid a very curious thing happened.

"The winter was passing; the air was mild; the window of her chamber was left open, and one evening, when the nurse was absent for a time, Mme. Valois suddenly saw a dark object appear on the window-sill—another and another.

"'The toads,' she said to herself, and, watching, saw the great throngs that she had fed drop from the sill into the room and approach the bed.

"'How I would have screamed once!' she writes in her diary. 'But now I loved them, and I knew well that they loved me. "Good evening, my little toadies," I said. "Do you want to see my baby?" Then the room was full of the faint little toad music, and I lifted my Celestine and held her up, and one by one the toads hopped to the bed, looked at her, hopped down the other side and out of the window.'

"Mme Toad was the last of all, and made obeisance as in the garden. Her four toadlets remained upon the floor and looked up at us.

"Before the nurse returned the room was empty again, but lying at my elbow I found a string of exquisite, jewel-like beads—a chain or necklace such as I had never seen before. The toads had brought it to me, and I wore it at my Celestine's christening, where it was remarked what numbers of toads hopped across the church floor and seemed to stop to listen to the music. But no one can tell me what the jewels are.

"No one has ever been able to tell that madame," continued the speaker. "But my ancestress now felt that she must tell her husband all, and so she did, and after that the toads were fed every winter as long as this Mme. Valois, of whom I have told you, lived. Also Mme. Toad maintained terms of the most intimate friendship with the family, as far as a toad might. Even yet the toads are always fed in the winter at the Chateau Valois, and the necklace is given to the eldest daughter. So it came to me, and it is I who, having read the account of the jewels in the heads of toads given by your Shakspeare, know of what the necklace of my ancestress is made."—*Mary Kyle Dallas in Fireside Companion.*

How Talmage Does It.

Many Americans abroad are exceedingly annoyed at their lack of skill in the use of the European languages, writes the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. After a vain attempt to make a Parisian waiter understand French they swear at him in English. But I have always remembered when traveling abroad the art of the physician who put all the remains of old prescriptions into one bottle—the oil, and the calomel, and the rhubarb, and the assafetida—and when he found a patient with a "complication of diseases" he would shake up his old bottle and give him a dose. And so I have compounded a language for European travel. I generally take a little French and a little German and a little English with a few snatches of Chinese and Choctaw, and when I find a stubborn case of waiter or landlord that will not understand I simply shake up all the dialects and give him a dose. It is sure to strike somewhere. If you cannot make him understand you at any rate give him a terrible scare.

I never had the anxiety of some in a strange land about getting things to eat. I like everything in all the round of diet except animated cheese and odorous codfish; always have a good appetite; never in my life missed a meal save once, when I could not get any and knowing that "eine gerostete rindfleisch schiebe" means a beefsteak, "erine messer" a knife and "eine gabel" a fork and "eine serviette" a napkin.

The Localities of Birds.

All our permanent residents among the birds, both large and small, are comparatively limited in their ranges. The crow is nearly as local as the woodchuck. He goes further from home in quest of food, but his territory is well defined, both winter and summer. His place of roosting remains the same year after year. Once, while spending a few days at a mountain lake nearly surrounded by deep woods, my attention was attracted each night, just at sundown, by an osprey that always came from the same direction, dipped into the lake as he passed over it for a sip of its pure water, and disappeared in the woods beyond. The routine of his life was probably as marked as that of any of ours. He fished the waters of the Delaware all day, probably never going beyond a certain limit, and returned each night at sundown, as punctual as a day-laborer, to his retreat in the forest. The sip of water, too, from the lake he never failed to take.

All the facts we possess in regard to the habits of the song-birds in this respect point to the conclusion that the same individuals return to the same localities year after year, to nest and to rear their young. I am convinced that the same woodpecker occupies the same cavity in a tree winter after winter, and drums upon the same dry limb spring after spring. I like to think of all these creatures as capable of local attachments, and not insensible to the sentiment of home.—*John Burroughs, in the Century.*

A Paralyzing Machine.

Among the thousand and one recently invented dental and surgical appliances is an ingenious device of French origin for producing local paralysis of the nerves, in order that minor dental and surgical operations may be painless. It consists of a glass tube filled with a highly volatile liquid.

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Why do physicians recommend Klein's Silver Age and Duquesne Rye Whiskies? Because first, they are pure, old and reliable—because they have prescribed them for their patients, are found that no other medicine would nourish and tone up the system so rapidly and thoroughly. Silver Age costs only $1.50 per full quart and Duquesne 1.25 per quart. The best hotels and dealers in liquors keep them for their choice customers. For sale to the trade generally by Simon Shloss, Williamsport Pa.

MUSSICAL COLLEGE.—The Fall Term opens Sept 12 in Vocal and Instrumental Music. For catalogue address Henry B. Moyer, Freeburg, Pa.
No 31—3t

Lamp-chimneys cost so little that we let them go on breaking. We go on buying and grumbling.
What should we do?
Get Macbeth's "Pearl-top" and "Pearl-glass;" they are made of tough glass, tough against heat; they do not break in use; they do from accident.
They are fine, well made, exact; they fit the lamps they are made for; stand upright; the shade is right; they make a right draught for light; they are uniform. Both bear a label for your protection. Look for it.
Be willing to pay a nickel more and stop this constant expense and annoyance.
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PRICE 50 CTS.
IT IS THE BEST, EASIEST TO USE, & THE CHEAPEST.
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PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC
Physicians Couldn't Cure. X
SEDAMSVILLE, Hamilton Co., O., June, 1890.
One bottle of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic cured me entirely, after physicians had tried unsuccessfully for eight months to relieve me of nervous debility. W. BURNNEFELD.
DELHI, Ont., Jan. 14, 1891.
My wife has taken six bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic; she has had no return of the fits, and I think this remedy has had the desired effect. I cheerfully recommend it to any one suffering from that dreadful malady, "Epilepsy." JOHN GRANT.
BROCETON, Mass., June 17, 1890.
About a year ago I noticed my right hand continually shaking. I tried different medicines but they all had no effect. * * * After using three or four bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic my hand ceased to shake and I found myself gaining every day. I think this medicine is one of the greatest remedies.
THOS. O'REILLY.
FREE—A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge.
This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now prepared under his direction by the
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No. 819 Broadway, NEW YORK.

RAILROADS

BALD EAGLE VALLEY RAILROAD.—TIME Table, Nov. 16, 1891.

STATIONS	Dis	Westward A.M	A.M	P.M.
LOCK HAVEN		4 40	9 15	4 20
Flemington—f	1 8	4 43	9 18	4 23
Mill Hall	3.9	4 46	9 21	4 26
Beech Creek	8.3	4 56	9 13	4 33
Eagleville—f	9.9	4 59	9 26	4 40
Howard	14.5	5 07	9 44	4 49
Mt. Eagle—f	17.7	5 14	9 18	4 55
Curtin	19.9	5 18	9 01	5 02
Milesburg	23.5	5 25	10 11	5 19
BELLEFONTE	25.2	5 35	10 25	5 29
Milesburg	25.5	5 45	10 35	5 30
Snow Shoe Int	24.8	5 48	10 10	5 29
Unionville	28.5	5 55	10 48	5 41
Julian	32.9	6 05	10 59	5 50
Martha	37.0	6 13	11 26	5 59
Port Matilda	40.4	6 21	1129	6 06
Hannah—f	43.7	6 28	11 36	6 13
Fowler—f	45.0	6 30	11 39	6 15
Dix—f	46.3	6 33	11 32	6 12
Bald Eagle	49.3	6 40	11 38	6 28
Vail	51.2	6 44	11 43	6 29
East Tyrone	53.7	6 48	11 48	6 33
TYRONE	54.3	6 58	11 56	6 40

STATIONS	Dis	Eastward A.M	P.M.	P.M.
TYRONE		7 55	3 10	7 25
East Tyrone	1.3	8 02	8 17	7 32
Vail	3.1	8 05	3 20	7 35
Bald Eagle	5.9	8 10	3 24	7 41
Dix—f	8.6	8 15	3 30	7 47
Fowler—f	9.3	8 17	3 33	7 50
Hannah—f	10.6	8 21	3 37	7 54
Martha	12.9	8 28	3 44	8 01
Julian	17.3	8 36	3 52	8 10
Unionville	21.4	8 44	4 01	8 20
Snow Shoe Int	25.8	8 55	4 10	8 30
Milesburg	29.5	9 03	4 17	8 40
BELLEFONTE	30.8	9 07	4 20	8 44
Milesburg	33.5	9 17	4 30	8 54
Curtin	36.8	9 32	4 40	9 15
Mt Eagle—f	84.4	9 46	4 47	9 19
Howard	36.6	9 51	4 55	9 28
Eagleville—f	39.8	10 01	5 02	9 28
Beech Creek	44.4	10 15	5 10	9 49
Mill Hall	47.9	10 20	5 13	9 49
Flemington	51.3	10 28	a 24	10 01
LOCK HAVEN	52.5	10 28	5 27	10 15
	54.3	10 45	5 33	10 00

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD Time Table in effect Dec. 14th, 1890.

Westward Dis.		Stations	Dis.	Eastward A.M	P.M
P.M	A.M				
5 05	1 31	SCOTIA	25.6	9 21	4 47
5 25	10 21 5.5	Fairbrook	20.3	9 09	4 27
5 37	10 28 6.7	Penna. Furnace	16.9	8 56	4 15
5 44	10 34 10.6	Hostler f	15.0	8 50	4 08
5 50	10 46 12.3	Marengo f	13.3	8 46	4 01
5 57	10 52 13.5	Loverville f	12.1	8 37	3 75
6 04	10 58 15.2	Furnace Road f	10.4	8 31	3 40
6 08	11 02 15.8	Dungarvin f	9.8	8 27	3 36
6 18	11 10 18.2	Warriors Mark	7.4	8 19	2 [illegible]
6 28	11 20 20.5	Pennington	5.1	8 10	2 19
6 40	11 32 23.5	Stover	2.1	7 59	2 1
6 50	11 40 25.6	TYRONE		7 50	1 1

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE RAILROAD.—Time Table, Nov 24 1890.
Leaves Snow Shoe at 6.45 a m; arrives at Bellefonte at 8.45 a m.
Leaves Bellefonte at 10.30 a m; arrives at Snow Shoe at 12.0. a m.
Leaves Snow Shoe at 3.00 p m arrives at Bellefonte at 4.50 p m.
Leaves Bellefonte at 5.25 p m; arrives at Snow Shoe at 7.00 p m.
R. S. BLAIR, General Supt.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE R. R.—BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R. To take effect Nov. 24th, 1890

Dis.	Westward				Eastward		
	a.m.	p.m.		(p.m.	a.m	a.m
.0	5.50	2.15	MONTANDON	5.30	9.20	5.45
1.5	6.15	2.25	Ar. LEWISBURG Lv	5.20	9.10	5.34
1.5	6.15	2.25	Lv. LEWISBURG Ar		9.10	5.20
5.4	6.39	2.35	Biehl f		9.00	5.24
6.8	6.25	2.40	Vicksburg f		8.55	5.20
10.7	6.45	2.50	MIFFLINBURG		8.45	5.10
13.1	8.52	2.57	Barber f		8.36	5.0
15.2	6.58	3.03	Swengle f		8.30	4.5
16.1	7.00	3.05	Millmont		8.27	4.5
18.6	7.08	3.14	LAURELTON		8.17	4.46
23.5	7.19	3.25	Pardee f		8.06	4.35
25.9	7.33	3.38	Cherry Run f		7.53	4.22
27.7	7.43	3.48	Paddy Mt. Tunnel f		7.43	4.12
30.9	7.48	3.54	Ingleby f		7.38	4.07
36.6	7.53	4.09	Coburn		7.30	4.00
39.6	8.11	4.08	Zerby f		7.21	3.52
43.4	8.18	4.17	Rising Springs		7.12	3.45
46.2	8.18	4.23	Penn's Cave f		7.05	3.32
49.2	8.24	4.29	CENTRE HALL		6.58	3.28
51.6	8.32	4.37	Gregg f		6.51	3.25
54.6	8.37	4.43	Linden Hall		6.28	3.18
56.7	8.42	4.48	OAK HALL		6.23	3.13
58.3	8.46	4.52	LEMONT		6.76	
60.2	8.51	4.57	Dale Summit f		6.29	
63.9	9.00	5.06	Pleasant Gap f		6.19	
65.2	9.14	5.10	Axeman f		6.14	
67.4	9.10	5.15	BELLEFONTE		6.10	2.45

CHAS E. PUGH ..... General Manager
ROBERT NEILSON ..... General Superintendent
E. B. WESTFALL ..... Superintendent

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD.—On and after Monday, April 4th, 1892, trains will run as follows, leaving the Pennsylvania Railroad station.

EASTWARD						WESTWARD				
12	10	8	1	2		1	3	7	9	11
pm	pm	pm	am	am	Ar—Lv	am	am	pm	pm	pm
6 35		3 50		9 05	Bellefont	6 30		10 39		4 40
6 28		3 44		8 59	Coleville	6 37		10 25		4 45
6 25		3 41		8 56	Morris	6 40		10 28		4 48
6 22		3 38		8 52	Whitmer	6 44		10 43		4 51
6 19		3 35		8 49	Linns	6 47		10 46		4 54
6 17		3 33		8 47	Hunters	6 50		10 48		4 56
6 14		3 31		8 44	Filmore	6 53		10 52		5 00
6 11		3 28		8 40	Sellers	6 57		10 56		5 03
6 09		3 26		8 28	Briarly	7 00		10 58		5 05
6 05	6 00	3 23	8 25	8 36	Waddle	7 05	7 10	11 01	5 10	5 10
6 02	5 50	3 20	8 20	8 30	Mattern J	7 08	7 14	11 03	5 13	5 12
	5 46		8 17		Graysdale		7 19		5 16	
	5 43		8 12		Mattern		7 24		5 20	
	5 40		8 05		Stormstown		7 29		5 23	
	5 35		8 00		Red Bank		7 35		5 30	
5 51		3 08		8 18	Krumr'ne	7 21		11 13		5 24
5 48		3 05		8 14	Struble	7 24		11 17		5 27
5 45		3 00		8 10	St. College	7 30		11 20		5 30

Train 2 connects with trains east and west on B. E. V. R. R. and S. S. branch, and train 8 connects with train east on B. E. V. R. R.
THOMAS A. SHOEMAKER, Supt.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD (Philadelphia and Erie Division.)—On and after Dec. 24th, 1890.

	WESTWARD.	
ERIE MAIL leaves Phila daily		11 25 p m
" " Harrisburg	"	3 30 a m
" " William'port	"	7 10 a m
" " Jersey Shore	"	7 31 a m
" " Lock Haven	"	7 55 a m
" " Renovo	"	8 55 a m
" arrives Erie		3 40 p m
GRA EX, l'ves Phila week d'ys		8 50 a m
" " Harrsburg	"	12 00 m
" arrives at Wmsport	"	3 20 p m
" " Lock Haven	"	4 10 p m
" " Renovo	"	5 15 p m
" " Kane	"	9 20 p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at		5 20

Bellefonte Republican.

The Best Advertising Medium in Central Pennsylvania.

A forty-eight column paper devoted to the interests of the Republican party. Published at Bellefonte, Pa., at $1.50 per annum

BY EDWARD T. TUTEN.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE OCCUPIED.	3m	6m	1y
One inch (12 lines this type	$ 5	$ 8	$ 12
Two inches	7	10	15
Three inches	10	15	20
Four inches	11	17	25
Quarter column	12	20	30
Half column	20	35	55
One column	35	55	100

All advertisements, whether displayed or blank lines, measured by lines of this type.

All advertisements due after the first insertion.

Special notices inserted in our local columns at 20 cents per line for each insertion, unless otherwise agreed, by the month, quarter or year.

Editorial notices, in our local columns, 25 cents per line for each insertion.

Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding 10 lines this type, $8 per annum.

All advertisements for a less term than three months 20 cents per line for the first three insertions, and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.

Advertisers, and especially Advertising Agents, are respectfully informed that no notice will be taken of orders to insert advertisments at less rates than the above, nor will any notice be given to orders of parties unknown to the publisher, unless accompanied by the cash. EDWARD T. TUTEN.

COUNTY EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The following named gentlemen compose the Republican Executive Committee of Centre County for the year 1892.

Wilbur F. Reeder, Chairman, Bellefonte
W. L. Malin, Secretary. "
H. P. Harris, Ass't Secretary "
H. C. Quigley. " "

DISTRICT.	NAME.	ADDRESS.
Bellefonte, N W	W. I. Fleming	Bellefonte
" S W	J A Aikens	"
" W W	S. H. Williams	"
Centre Hall boro	B F Brisbin	Centre Hall
Howard "	Robert Cooke Jr.	Howard
Milesburg "	John Confer	Milesburg
Millheim "	J F Harter	Millheim
Philipsburg "	1 W S S Crissman	Philipsburg
" "	2 W H C Warfel	Philipsburg
" "	3 W Capt Harry Sinler	"
South Philipsburg boro	M. Stover,	Philipsb'g
Unionville "	Riley Pratt	Fleming
Benner Twp	Jos. H Marshall	Bellefonte
Boggs Twp	E P J M Parker	Roland
Boggs Twp	W P C P Stonerode	Milesburg
Boggs Twp	N P Jacob Yarnell	Milesburg
Burnside Twp	Delon G. Stewart	Moshannon
College Twp	E P Wm Thompson Jr	Lemont
College Twp	W P Philip D Foster	State Coll.
Curtin "	William Robb	Romola
Ferguson Twp	E P Claudius B Hess	Fairbook
Ferguson "	W P John Campbell	"
Gregg "	N P Isaac Smith	Farmers Mills
Geegg "	S P John D Long	Spring Mills
Gregg "	E P. Jos. K. Bitner.	Penn Hall
Haines "	E P Chas Bressler	Fiedler
Halees "	W P James P Coburn	Aaronsb'g
Half Moon "	Cyrus W Hunter	Stormstown
Harris "	Scott Bricker	Boalsburg
Howard "	N. G. Pletcher	Howard
Huston "	Ira F Davis	Julian
Liberty "	D M Burlew	Blanchard
Marion "	S H Bennison	Walker
Miles "	Henry G Royer	Wolfs Store
Patton "	George F Stevenson	Buffalo Run
Penn "	W F Rearick	Coburn
Potter Twp	N P James Gregg	Centre Hall
Potter "	S P Alexander McCoy	Potters Mills
Rush "	N P David Kinkead	Philipsburg
Rush "	S P Sanford White	Sandy Ridge
SnowShoe	E P J. K. McMullen	SnowSnow
SnowShoe	W P John A Yeager	Moshannon
Spring Twp	N P John A Dubbs	Bellefonte
Spring "	S P M F Biddle	Pleasant Gap
Spring "	W P W H Poorman	Bellefonte
Taylor "	John Weaver	Port Matilda
Union "	B W Shipley	Fleming
Walker "	O P Wilson	Hublersburg
Worth "	S R. Pringle	Port Matilda

SIX OF A KIND.

The Destruction of Protection the Sole Aim of the Democratic Party.

[New York Press.]

I.

From the Confederate Constitution.

"Congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes, duties and excise for revenue only.....but no duties or taxes on importations from foreign nations shall be laid to promote or foster any branch of industry."

II.

Speech of Senator McDuffie of South Carolina.

"In a free competition for the market of the United States, the wages of manufacturing labor in the Northern States must be reduced at least as low as the wages of labor in England. *The natural price of the manufacturing labor of the Northern States is precisely the same as the manufacturing labor of England, and not a cent more.*"

III.

Speech by Congressman Lewis of Alabama.

"The average price of farm labor in the Southern States is not more than 25 cents a day; in the North, 50 cents a day. But for the operation of the tariff laws this state of things would have been reversed."

IV.

Southern Confederate Committee to Lord John Russel.

"The principal cause which led the Southern States to secede from the North ern was not slavery. but the high prices which, for the sake of protection, the South was obliged to pay for manufactured goods."

V.

John Quincy Adams' Report of House Comittee on Manufactures.

"The interest of the South is identified with that of the foreign rival and competition of the Northern manufacturer, and against him and for his ruin the Southern planter and British manufacturer, are colleagued."

VI.

Democratic National Platform, 1892.

"We declare it to be a fundamenta principle of the Democratic party that the Federal Government has no constitutional power to enforce and collect tariff duties except for the purpose of revenue only."

The report of the sub-committee of the Committee on Finance on wages and prices before and after the McKinley law is the most reliable and valuable statistical work on this subject that has ever been done. The sub-committee consisted of Senators Aldrich (Rhode Island) Allison (Iowa,) Hiscock (New York) and Jones (Nevada), Republicans, and Senators Harris (Tennessee) and Carlisle (Kentucky), Democrats. In order to give the statistics collected the weight of undoubted authority, the committee decided at the outset, with entire unanimity, that the inquiry should be extended only to such subjects and be carried on through such agencies and by such methods as were approved by the unanimous voice of the committee, and this plan was scrupulously followed in all decisions as to the character, general scope and details of the investigation It is this that gives it its value.

WELCOME HOME TO GEN D H HASTINGS.

Last Saturday evening a grand welcome home was tendered to Gen. D. H. Hastings. It had been learned several days before that Mr. Hastings was to return to Bellefonte from his European trip last Saturday evening and his old neighbors and friends decided to give him a hearty welcome back. Pleasant Gap band was engaged for the occasion and John. D. Sourbeck to make the display of fire works. The band marched into town and down High street followed by a large crowd. A committe of citizens was there and when the train pulled up to the station and the General was stepping upon the platform he was taken in charge by them. They were Hon. John B Linn, D. S. Keller, Wilbur F. Reeder, J. A. Aikens, A. C. Mingle, Daniel Rhoads, F. W. Crider, R. G. H. Hayes, J. A. Feidler, Isaac Longacre, Thomas Donachy While the General and committe were getting into the carriages John Sourbeck was preparing to perform his part. Escorted by the band of music the party started and rode through a sea of fire to the pavillion in the court house yard. The square was filled with people and amidst music and fire works the party took their seats in the pavillion which was brilliantly lighted by electric lights. John B Linn was master of cerrmonies. He introduced Col. D S. Keller who made a short address of welcome. He was followed by D. F. Fortney, Esq., who although an old time democrat welcomed the General heartily and added grace and point to it by wishing that he Hastings might be nominated for Governor and then elected by one hundred thousand majority, and he would be glad to welcome him home again on such an occasion. Although this was almost treason to the party yet Democrats and Republicans alike cheered heartily. Gen. Hastings responded to the hearty welcome of his old friends and neighbors in a speech of some length in which he gave an interesting account of his travels, told how he had found the home of his ancestors, paid a glowing tribute to his native land America, saying that of all the countries he had seen there was no place like home and no town like Bellefonte. After he sat down Col. J. L. Spangler was called for and responded paying a flattering tribute to his friend the general. W. F. Reeder was called for but spoke briefly Burgess Mingle refused to respond to the calls for remarks from him. The party then went to Gen. Hastings, home where an informal reception was held and a bounteous repast for all who desired to partake. The occasion was a flattering tribute to Gen. Hastings for which he may well feel gratified.

DEATH OF A FORMER RESIDENT OF BELLEFONTE.

SMITH—At Fort Adams, R. I., on Aug. 5th 1892, Dr. Franklin R. Smith, in his 84th year. Funeral from the residence of his son, Dr. Chas, E. Smith, 400 Marshal Ave, Wednesday, 10th inst., at 3 p. m. Friends please omit flowers.

The St Paul *Dispatch*, of Aug 9th, published the above notice and a marked copy of the paper was sent to E. C. Humes, Esq., president of the First National Bank, by the son of the deceased, Dr Charles E. Smith. Some of the older citizens of the town will remember Dr. Franklin B. Smith as one of the prominent physicians of an early day who then lived in the house on Allegheny street, now owned and occupied by Mrs. Dr. Hale. He left here for St. Paul where his wife died shortly after. He has three sons now living, one in the regular army, one a farmer and one a doctor.

FROM MOSHANON.

We received the following from Moshan on with the request that we would publish it last week but we received it too late for publication, therefore insert it in this issue:

Misses Katie Rowley and Caroline Walker were visiting friends in Moshanon last week. Call again.

Wm. Kerns is about done harvesting wish him success.

Jack Walker moved to Clarence a few weeks ago. Sorry Jackey.

Deck goes to Cooper quite often. He surely goes to see some girl.

Clara Walker returned home from visiting friends in Snow Shoe.

Abraham Hanscome is talking of going to Kylertown. Be careful you don't go to Winburn.

There is a certain young lady in Moshanon who says she cannot be scared by an owl. But guess you was, ha! ha! ha!.—*Moshanon Terms.*

Gen. D. H. Hastings brought some very fine presents from Europe to present to his wife and daughter, and many little tokens for other friends. Amid all the brilliant scenes of the old world his thoughts ever turned towards home and the loved ones left behind.

Mr. and Mrs. Emil Joseph, of High St. Bellefonte, have had the pleasure of a visit from Joseph Guttman, Esq., of New York, a brother of Mrs. Joseph. Mr. and Mrs Joseph are princly entertaners.

CAMPAIGN SONG.

AIR—*Ta ra ra, boom de ay.*

We belong to the G, O, P.,
We will down your Grover C.,
And his second, Adlai E.
Just as soon as soon can be;
For we're in the fight to win,
And you bet we've got the tin;
We will put our Benjy in,
We did it once and will again;
CHORUS: Ta ra ra, boom de ay.
(Eight times.)

We are square against Free Trade;
What we use, we want home-made,
And we'll give our party's aid
To workingmen of every grade;
In the field or at the fire;
Husband, brother, lover, sire;
These the words that all inspire;
The worker's worthy of his hire.

CHO.: Ta ra ra, boom de ay, etc.

We are ready, night and day,
For our Democratic prey:
We have come and come to stay,
Just because we're built that way,
Honest money is our call;
Equal rights for great and small;
Bread and meat and pie for all,
By those things we stand or fall.

CHO.: Ta ra ra, boon de ay, etc.

Benjamin is tried and true;
Friend of all the boys in blue;
In the war he fought straight through.
Now he knows just what to do,
We are anxious for the fight,
In our armor strong and bright;
We can't be left for we are right,
And we'll beat 'em out of sight.

CHO.: Sa ra ra, boom de ay, etc.

ACCIDENT TO JAMES SOLT.

Last Friday morning James Solt met with a very serious accident. He lives on Logan street and tripped on a loose board in the walk and fell dislocating his hip joint so badly that his friends are afraid he may not get about again. He was conveyed home and Dr. M. A. Kirk called to attend him, who put him under the influence of chloraform as was necessry to treat his hurt.

Mr Solt has been a cripple all his life; an industrious fellow, however who has supported his family better than many able do. He was engaged this summer more in sprinkling the streets in winter all in Bellefonte knew him as the Oil peddler and heard his voice every day as he cried out "Head light Oil." He was getting along in business right well and had hopes of making a little home of his own. We sincerely hope that this prospect is not by this sad accident dashed to the ground. He is an honest, hard working fellow notwithstanding his infirmities. We would also remind the authorities that the county awarded a woman in Philipsburg quite a sum for damages for injuries received by a defective board walk. She was not badly hurt, when we compare that with the painful accident above recorded. The sympathy of the good people of Bellefonte should be extended to this poor man and his family and should take the form of substantial aid if he is hurt half as bad as is reported.

The Temptation

To go out of doors in rough weather is not strong, but we are, many of us, compelled to face rough weather frequently. Diseases which arise from a chill are peculiar to no season of the year. This is true, therefore there should be in the closet of every household—what? Not an unmedicated stimulant, absolutely devoid of anything but an excitive action, but a tonic combining, in the effective form of an invigorant and an alterative, the quality of defence against changes of weather. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has these or four properties that no other article of its class possesses. Not only does it relieve the complaints which it eventually cures, it fortifies the system against the bad effects of changes of temperature, fatally and too often shown in the deadly form of "la grippe:" it produces a radical change in the weakened condition of a system peculiarly liable to be attacked by it, and it tends to provide against the danger resulting from an impoverished condition of the blood and a disordered state of the liver or bowels.

EIGHTY YEARS AGO.

Fighty years ago boys in the United States under eight years of age worked in factories in some instances fourteen hours a day. Eifteen cents a week was not uncommon rate of wages for women. A very capable woman could earn fifty cents at a trade which she must give six months of unpaid service to learn. With calico at fifty cents a yard, a woman's earnings for ten weeks would suffice to buy material for a dress which she can now purchase with a half day's wages. If we go back still another generation," muses the New York *Sun*, "we find that a little more than 100 years ago the work of a man at common or unskilled labor was worth but a half dollar a day; and on this he supported his family in what was no doubt regarded as entire respectability. But assuredly it was not, as tried by any standard new or old, a condition or luxury. Small as were his earnings, he paid two dollars a bushel for wheat, 75 cents for corn and twenty cents a pound for salt pork. He paid a high price for indulgence in fresh meat, he had no carpet or stove and ate his meat from pewter dishes.

A BID FOR PENN CAVE.

An exchange says: that there is a party of eastern capitalists who are negotiating for the purchase of the Penn cave situated in this county, about four miles from Centre Hall. The price asked for the property, so it is said, is one hundred thousand dollars. The proposed purchasers desire to make it a great summer resort. It would be a nice thing for the present owners if they could consumate so desirable a sale. While such a price if it could be obtained, would be a very large one we do not doubt but that a company of wealthy men could make it pay, even at that price. It is one of the most beautiful natural couriosities in the state.

CHURCH DEDICATED.

The Philipsburg *Journal* tells the following story about the dedication of a Methodist church at Munson.

It is a frame building 30x50 feet, with a belfry, and very tastefully painted in two colors on the outside. It presents a fine appearance, and this, with its location makes it very attractive. It is tastefully seated with pews, capable of accomodating 300 persons. The pulpit platform is neatly carpeted with Brussels. The pulpit furniture is just what was needed. On any one entering the church they naturally exclaim—"a beauty!"

This church was built by the community, there being no church nor church society there.

It was a long felt want, and the people moved en masse to supply this want. Rev Mr. Rishel, coming on the Morrisdale charge, found here a foundation and lumber for a church, but through some misunderstanding the work had been arrested. He gathered the people together; he inspired their confidence. They began the work anew. The corner stone was laid by Rev. Thomas S. Wilcox April 30, when the people gave liberally of their means.

The church being ready, yesterday was set apart as the day of dedication. Rev. E. W. Warner preached on Sunday evening to a good congregation, an earnest practical sermon.

The Sabbath opened beautifully. At 10 o'clock a large company were gathered at the church to hear the Rev Thomas S. Wilcox, of Philipsburg. He preached a plain, practical sermon on the relation of Jesus Christ to us, and our privileges because of this relation. The sermon was followed by an appeal for money. The people responded with a will. The morning service was dismissed at 12.30. The children's service at 2.30 was full of interest. It was addressed by Rev. E. W. Wonner, Rev. Dr. Hamlin, presiding elder, and Rev. Thomas S. Wilcox, who again took charge of the finances. The basket being passed, the children made their offering, which amounted to over $20. Again the congregation was appealed to and gave all that was asked for. The dedication service followed, in charge of the presiding elder, the entire amount necessary to pay all bills being provided. The church cost $1,500. The community paid $925, leaving $575 to be raised during the day. The morning collection amounted to $230, of which $136 was in one dollar subscriptions. The balance, $45 was lifted at the afternoon service.

Dr. Hamlin preached in the evening a sermon of much unction and power, and asked for cash and subscriptions on the pastor's salary. The collection amounted to about $200. It was a great day.

SEPTEMBER MAGAZINES.

THE September *Lippincott* will contain a brief account of the life of Antonin Dvorak the famous Bohemian composer, who is coming to America to be director of the National Conservatory of Music.

The name is said to be pronounced as if it were spelled "Dvorschak," A portrait accompanies the article, which is by H. E. Krehbiel, the well known musical critic of the New York *Tribune*.

"Toilettes" for September is a superb number of that elegant Fashion journal. Each issue seems to be more beautiful than the preceding; it appears to be growing in size as well, for it has now 20 pages of choice engravings, instead of 16 as formerly, besides a handsome cover, yet the price 15 cents for a single copy, or $1.50 per year, remains the same. It is quite evident the publishers are determined that "Toilettes" shall be the favorite Fashion Magazine in this country, and it is just as evident that our lady friends are of the same opinion, as they are all buying it. A first-class book and news dealers have it on sale one month in advance. published by

TOILETTES PUBLISHING CO.
126 West 23d Street, NEW YORK.

WHAT A LOT OF SNAKES.

Cameron county has a large crop of rattlesnakes it is said that there was never so many known before.

The Emporium *Press* says: "From all parts of the county come stories of large snakes and plenty of them. On Monday Mrs. Chas. Maloy, who lives in Tannery row, at this place, found a large snake in her pantry. The lady screamed and ran from the house, the snake escaping."

BURGLERS STILL AT WORK.

Burglars are still at work in Philipsburg. Some time ago they burglarized Owen's Hardware store. On Monday evening, August 15, they entered the tobacco and cigare store of Allen Faulkner and blew open the safe, but it is thought got no money. They then took some cigars and left.

—C. W. Vreeland's operatic minstrels will be at Garman's Opera House Friday, August 26. If you want an evening of real enjoyment you should not fail to be there.

WHAT IT MEANS.

Small Boy—"Papa, what does G. O. P. mean?"

Papa—"It means Grover Ousted Permanently, my son. Now, run along and tell it to the other boys.

WHAT AN EX-SALLOON KEEPER SAYS.

We copy the following from the Central Pennsylvania Methodist: An Evangelist recently descanted against the saloonist, and the next morning received the following letter;

"I attended your meeting last night, and I think you were, to say the least, unfair in your denunciation of the saloon keeper. I am an ex-saloon keeper. I kept a respectable place. I rented my place of a deacon in a Baptist Church, my bondsmen being one a Methodist, the other a Presbyterian. The officers whose signatures, were affixed to the document which gave me the right to sell both belonged to my church. On the day of election Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, Conregationalists, Episcopalians, Lutherans, Catholics, Spiritualists, Universalists, Infidels, Atheists, Saloon keepers and highway robbers, all voted for a license to grant me the privilege to damn the souls you are trying to save many who arose lastnight to be counted members of some evangelical church will this fall cast their votes for a license to sell liquid damnation.

"It is strange that the evangelists are whipping the saloon keepers with a lash that ought to be used upon the backs of the professed Christians. Who use their prayers to mock God and their votes to build up the kingdom of the Devil You quoted Scripture last night to prove that the saloon keepers inherit the abode of the damned, but no reference was made to the final summing up of the hypocrite Woe unto you hypocrites, who under the cloak of the church, sell your principles for a price, who pave your streets with human souls and paint your asylums with the blood of the innocent victims of your legalized rum, who stand in the synagogues and pray God to drive intemperance from our land and stand at the exit with your vote to drive it back A saloon keeper is not a hypocrite, a Christian man of brains who votes for license is, and, if I understand the Bible right, God hates a hypocrite worse than the Devil hates a saint. Deal fairly with all and we sinners will find no fault.

"AN EX- SALOON KEEPER-"

P. S.- I am so ashamed that I was ever engaged in the satanic business of selling the Devils tea, I will not give my name. Hoping the Church may yet converted and saloon keepers driven from their legalized dens, I quit."

War Cry (N.Y.)

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O., Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75 cts. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

COACHING BY MOONLIGHT.

COACHING BY MOONLIGHT is one of the newest fads, which in the nature of things—proverbial fickleness of the moon, for example, and the comparatively small number of perfectly appointed four-in-hand—can never become common Driving by moonlight has been the recreation of the sentimentally inclined since the memory of man can recall; but these are jolly parties of eight or ten, bent on having a good time,— "like a sleigh-ride in summer," as one fair maiden expressed it, when from the mountain road she saw the broad expanse of beautiful country bathed in silvery light. The destination is usually some well-known hostelry, or the coach is stopped in a picturesque spot where the moon shines brightly, and a collation is served, after which there is usually an impromptu dance, all thoroughly enjoying the return journey through the sweet-scented country roads.—*From Demorest's Family Magazine for September.*

A LEADER.

Since its first introduction, Electric Bitters has gained rapidly in popular favor, until now it is clearly in the lead among pure medicinal tonics and alteratives—containing nothing which permits its use as a beverage or intoxicant, it is recognized as the best and purest medicine for all ailments of Stomach, Liver or Kidneys—It will cure Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation, and drive Malaria from the system. Tatisfaction guaranteed with each bottle or the money will be refunded. Price only 50c. per bottle. Sold by C. M. Parrish.

The Morgan Envelope Company, Springfield, Mass., has the contract for 24,000,000 double postal cards, a new device which has long been considered by the Post Office Department. The card will be five and one-half by three and one-half inches and will be folded in the middle, presenting four surfaces. The outside surface is for the address and the inside for the message. At the fold the card is perforated, so that the recipient will tear off one half and then answer on the other.- Scientific American.

Chicago women are right on top when it comes to business. Some of them are making plans to build an immense hotel for working women, and think 5,000 can find lodgings at the hotel during the time of the Fair at thirty cents a day. The use of the land has been contributed, and the other expenses are to be borne by issuers of stock at $5.00 per share to women all over the country. Should there be any profits they will be shared by the stockholders.

CANDIDATE ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We are authorized to announce the name of O. J. Spotts, of Union township, as a candidate for the legislature, subject to the decision of the republican county convention.

Patrolman Julius Zeidler

Of the Brooklyn, N. Y., Police Force, gladly testifies to the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla. His wife takes it for dizziness and indigestion and it works charmingly. "The children also take it with great benefit. It is without doubt a most excellent thing for **That Tired Feeling.** I cheerfully recommend

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and Hood's Pills to every one who wishes to have health and comfort." Get HOOD'S.

HOOD'S PILLS cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, and sick headache.

SOMETHING NEW.

The Celebrated "Clauss" Bread, Cake and Paring Knife Manufacturers want agents in every locality to handle these knives. Best thing in the market. Present agents clear from $10 to $15 daily. Send $1.00 for sample set. THE CLAUSS SHEAR CO., Fremont, O.

PILES "ANAKESIS" gives instant relief and is an infallible Cure for Piles. Price $1. By Druggists or mail. Samples free. Address "ANAKESIS," Box 2416, New York City.

EDWARD K. RHOADS,

At his yard near Passenger station sells only

THE BEST QUALITIES

OF

Anthracite, Bituminous & Woodland

COAL

—ALSO—

KINDLING WOOD.

AND

Corn Ears, Shelled Corn, Oats, Baled Hay and Straw

TELEPHONE 712

FOR SALE.—A Truss for children from two weeks to four years old. Pronounced by one of the best physicians in Bellefonte to be the best article known for the use it is intended. Will not hurt the child or prevent it from growing, and is waaranted to cure the trouble. Apply to Charles Garrett, No 230 S. Spring street, Bellefonte. Prices reasonable V23 No27 tf

EUREKA!

OUR MOTTO:

Quick Sales and Small Profits.

The EUREKA CASH GROCERY, Bush Arcade Block, is the place to buy Groceries GOOD AND CHEAP. We have always been selling goods at ROCK BOTTOM PRICES bu now we intend to do better than ever and will sell goods at prices that will astonish everyone. Times are hard and we cannot expect to make much. Below we quote you a few of our prices to show that we mean business.

3 cans of Corn for 25 cts.; 3 cans of Peas 25 cts.; 3 cans of Lima Beans for 25 cts.; 6 bars of Soap 25 cts.; Coffee 23-25-26-28-35 cts. per pound; 1 package Mince Meat 11 cts.; Mixed Tea (a number one quality) only 40 cts. per pound; Soup Beans 6 cts. per quart.

The above is a fair sample of our prices. Call and be convinced.

NEXT DOOR TO POST-OFFICE,
HIGH STREET, - - BELLEFONTE
M. P. TUTEN, PROPRIETOR.

THE KNIGHTS OF THE GOLDEN EAGLE AT BELLEFONTE.

Last Thursday, Aug. 18, the Knights of the Golden Eagle belonging to the Juniata Valley, being from the counties of Clearfield, Blair, Huntingdon, Mifflin and Centre, assembled for their fifth annual conclave at Bellefonte. This order is young in years, having been instituted at Baltimore, Md., February 5, 1873. It was introduced into Pennsylvania October 1, 1875. The Grand Castle of Pennsylvania was instituted April 27, 1876. The Supreme Castle was organized January 25, 1878, at Baltimore, Md. The order is now in successful operation in 38 states in the United States and also in Canada.

In its early days the projectors of it seemed to have faith in newspaper advertising and many notices in regard to it and its work were sent to the papers of the state and paid for as an advertisement. The REPUBLICAN was paid many dollars for this kind of work. As a result, although at first the progress of the order was slow, after they began the advertizing it experienced a wonderful growth until now there are 755 Castles in the country, Pennsylvania leading all the other states with 441. Bellefonte Castle, No. 357, was instituted April 8, 1890, with 58 members; which number has now grown to 147. They occupy the room in McClain block formerly used by the Odd Fellows. The day was as fine as could have been wished; the buildings of the town along the route of parade, especially the business houses on High street and Allegheny street, were beautifully decorated; flags were suspended across the streets and on the bridge over spring creek was a double arch in the centre of which was a shield bearing a large golden eagle. This was in the centre between the arches, over head in large letters were the word "Welcome Knights." Every train that came in was loaded with visitors, members of the order to take part in the exercises of the day and others to see what was to be seen and enjoy a day of recreation. Bands of music passed back and forth discoursing sweet melodies and escorting visiting delegations to the various hotels and other stopping places. Flags were flying, banners held aloft, Knights in georgeous uniform, the country swain with happy face, the country maiden with the glow of roasy health on her beautiful face, the town belle with her pert ways, the town dude in elegant attire, made a display pleasant to look upon. At eleven o'clock the parade commenced; it was to have began at half past ten, but they did it well to be only one half hour late. It was headed by Past Chief A Luckenbach, as Chief Marshal, accompanied by four aids as follows: J C Noll, Elmer Straub, W T Twitmire, G D D Alexander, then followed accompained by four aids—W J Singer, James I McClure, E E Addery and Dr. A W Hafer. They were followed by carriages conveying the speakers of the day and others. In the first carriage were the President and Secretaries of the association, Dr. H K Hoy, of Bellefonte; Dr. C H Glosson, of Altoona and C M Bower, Esq., of Bellefonte, representing the president elect for the ensuing year. In the second carriage were Grand Vice Chief F T Harris, of Tyrone; and Grand Trustee F E Bausher, of Williamsport. In the third carriage was seated Hon. John G Love, Mayor A C Mingle and the Assistant Mayor Charles Richards. In the next carriages were seated Mille Mayo, the balloonist and John D Sourbeck Esq, manager of the amusement department who seemed to be enjoying the ride. These were followed by the Elmo Commandery of Altoona, all of whom wore a handsome regalia and plumed hats. They were led by the Zion band who played beautifully. Then came the Castles in the following order:

Elmo Commandery, No. 38, Altoona.
Elmo Castle, No. 54, Altoona.
Standing Stone Castle, No. 176, Huntingdon.
Greenwood Castle, No. 192, McAlevy's Fort.
Reedsville band.
Reedsville Castle, No. 162, Reedsville.
Olanta Castle, No. 405, Olanta.
G W Weaver Castle, No. 326, Newry.
Glen Richey Band.
Bloomington Castle, No. 319, Glen Richey.
Renovo Castle, No. 444, Renovo.
Nittany Valley Castle, No. 406. Lamar
Millheim Band.
Millheim Castle, No. 353, Millheim.

SECOND DIVISION.

Marshal—L H Wain.
Aids—E B Rankin, T C Brown.

GOOD TEMPLAR BAND.

Cresent Commandary No. 67, Lock Haven.
Clinton Castle No. 254, Lock Haven.
Commendable Castle No. 280, Snow Shoe.

MILROY BAND.

Milroy Castle 275, Milroy.
Summit Castle 295, Curwensville.
Hiawatha Castle 318, Clearfield.

MC CONNELLSTOWN BAND.

Bouquet Springs Castle No 308, McConnellstown.
Woodland Castle 367, Woodland.
Tyrone Castle 79, Tyrone.

PORT MATILDA DRUM CORPS.

Port Matilda Castle No 219, Port Matilda.

THIRD DIVISION.

Marshall—J S McCarger.
Aids—Dr. P S Fisher, Dr. W H Kochler H D Gehret.

OSCEOLA BAND.

Umbria Commandary No 79, Osceola.
Umbria Castle No 235, Osceola.
Centre Castle 169, Spring Mills.

PLEASANT VALLEY BAND.

Piersant Valley Castle 301, Millheim.
Madison Castle 360, Madisonburg.

PETERSBURG BAND.

Petersburg Castle 188, Petersburg.
Philipsburg Castle 193, Philipsburg.
Atlas Castle 322 Markleasburg.

PLEASANT GAP BAND.

Bellefonte Castle No 357, Bellefonte.

Bellefonte Castle brought up the rear and they carried a handsome silk banner having inscribed upon it a large eagle painted and worked in beautiful colors, surrounded with gold fringe. The Bellefonte boys are proud of their banner as a beautiful and costly device. The parade formed on High street, passed to Allegheny, out Allegheny to Linn street, thence to Spring street, thence to Bishop, up Bishop street to a point above Ridge street when the column countermarched to Allegheny, thence to High street, down High street to Thomas, countermarched on High street and massed in the Diamond to hear the address of Welcome by John G. Love, Esq., one of the ablest speakers in the town or state. His remarks pleased all who heard them, especially the Knight who he welcomed so heartily and gracefully that they could not fail to feel that they were thrice welcome guests. Mr. Love is not a member of the order but was chosen to deliver the address of welcome as a citizen of the town and because he is one of our most able orators. He was responded to by Grand Chief A. C. Lytle of Altoona, who highly commended the Eagles of Bellefonte for providing them with such a magnificent entertainment and grand display of loyality to the cause. When the speakers looked behind them and saw that the Lutherans had dinner ready they concluded that it was about time to bring this part of the program to a close.

At half past two o'clock in the afternoon, there was a competitive drill between the Commanderies. Crescent, of Lock Haven; Umbria, of Osceola, and the Elmo, of Altoona. A prize of fifty dollars had been offered by the Bellefonte Castle to the Commandery giving the best exhibition drill in the diamond. Judges were appointed as follows: John P Harris, Col. D S Keller, Lieutenant W F Reeder, Col. Geo. B Brandon and W I Fleming. There was a large crowd of people to see this exhibition of skill. So eager were they that officers had much difficulty in keeping the crowd from getting in the way of the squads, obstructing their movement. But all were good natured and the crowd would cheerfully fall back only to get in the way again as soon as opportunity offered. The entertainment was enjoyed by all, however, and the prize awarded to the Crescent commandery, of Lock Haven. The evolutions of all the organizations competing were finely executed. A prize of a beautiful rug was also offered to the Castle making the finest appearence in the parade this was awarded to Port Matilda Castle, No 219. There were other prizes offered but the awards will not be made until some future day. At half past three o'clock in the afternoon the business meeting of the association was held in the lodge room of Bellefonte Castle, Dr. H. K. Hoy, retiring district president in the chair. The following Knights were elected to fill the offices for the ensuing year President, T M Simpson, of Osceola, Mills, Clearfield county; Secretary, Dr. C H Closson, of Altoona.

It was decided that the next meeting should be held at Osceola Mills, Clearfield county, on the last Thursday in September. The question of redistricting the state was considered. The president was empowered to appoint a committee to arrange the matter which it is thought will be done within the coming year. The Pleasant Gap band gave a concert in the evening from the band stand in the court house yard. The celebration ended up with a torch light parade.

THE BALLOON ASCENSION.

One of the most interesting performances of the day to many was the balloon ascension. Preparations to inflate the balloon were made in the school house yard and at half past four o'clock P. M. it was to go up. By that time a large crowd had assembled to see the sight. Millie Mayo, the lady who was to take the aerial trip, was there but apparently very nervous. A lover had followered her here from Emporium; he had been talking to her all the day telling her it was a dangerous place to make such a trip; then others had guyed her, bidding her good bye; as they never expected to see her again, etc until the woman became so unnerved that when the time came she refused to make the ascent. The balloon was filled and ready to go, O. J. Brady, who had charge of the enterprise, sung out to let her go and up it went taking him instead of the lady. He went up about two thousand feet when he cut himself loose and descended to the ground by a parachute. He landed in a tree over back of McCalmont & Co's lime kilns; the balloon came down in a meadow near by.

There was a parade of the Bellefonte Wheelman Club in the evening which made a very nice appearance.

BICYCLE RACE.

At 2 o'clock in the afternoon there was a bicycle race for a prize. The starting point was the Episcopal church from there to Axeman and back a distance of five miles. The contestants were Joe Mitchell, Lester Shaffer, John S. Waite and Malcolm Laurie. Joseph Mitchell won in 18 minutes and 14 seconds. Shaffer came in second, Laurie third. As there were three prizes these three won a prize as follows: 1st, a handsome silver medal; 2nd. a sweater; 3rd, a bicycle lock.

BASE BALL.

There was a base ball game at Hunter's park at 1.30 P. M. About five hundred persons went out. The contest was between Bellefonte and Clearfield. Bellefonte won on a score of 5 to 2.

It is said that there were some pick pockets plying their trade in Bellefonte that day and that Mrs. Daniel Wain lost her pocket book in the school house yard, while she was watching the balloon, through the manipulations of these light fingured gentry, she had however, but one dollar in it.

STORMY VACATION DAYS.

MADE PLEASANT.

Did you ever have a Vacation without some stormy days, when you did not know what to do with yourself? Reading is what most people fall back on at such times and nothing is better to drive away the blues than a short crisp story or a few good jokes. Our special offer of 25 back numbers of the Waverley Magazine, of different dates, for $1.00 postpaid, will supply you with about 400 short, clean and complete stories, jokes, etc. The same amount of reading in the trashy 15c novel, would cost you $12. Send stamp for sample. Address.

WAVERLY MAGAZINE,
Box 172, Boston, Mass.

—The Home Market Club of Boston has prepared two of the finest badges that have appeared in this campaign. The first consist of a pin bar surmounted by a sturdy merino ram, who looks as though he had come to stay, and from which depends a red, white, and blue ribbon, running through slits in the top and bottom of a celluloid card that bears fine steel engraved portraits of Harrison and Reid. Upon the pin bar are the words "Home Market" and emblems of machinery and agriculture. The metallic part is solid American tin and very substantial. The second badge is like the first, except that in place of the sheep there is a linen spinning-wheel in a panel, over which is a "grandfather's hat," and across the pin bar is the word "Protection." The badges are copyrighted, and dealers are not allowed to exact more than 40 cents apiece, or 75 cents for the two. The Club sends the two and the HOME MARKET BULLETIN one year for only $1. The BULLETIN is an able Protection monthly, and it is said to have attained the largest circulation of any economic journal in the world.

The children's health must not be neglected. Cold in the head causes catarrh. Ely's Cream Balm cures at once. It is perfectly safe and is easily applied into the nostrils. The worst cases yield to it. 50c.

One of my children had a very bad discharge from her nose. Two physicians prescribed, but without benefit. We tried Ely's Cream Balm, and, much to our surprise, there was a marked improvement. We continued using the Balm and in a short time the discharge was cured.—O. A. Cary, Corning, N. Y.

A NEW KIND OF DIAMOND.

Jas S. Kirk & Co., of Chicago, have put upon the market lately, as a result of their half century's experience, their Dusky Diamond Soap, a soap adapted to all household uses. By a happy but peculiar combination they are enabled to use tar in this soap, and there is no one that needs to be told that tar is recognized as the greatest of the healing agents. It also is recognized for its softening qualities, and any one troubled with hard hands, cracked hands, sore hands, will become enthusiastic over the "Dusky Diamond" Soap after once using it. Your grocer keeps it.

BUFFALO PHOTOGRAPHS.

These photos are of the last of the Buffalo and are an ornament to any home. 8x10 in. photo of herd of 45, 25 cts. Single buffalo, 8x10 in. 25 cts. The 10x12 in. size herd, 35 cts. Single buffalo 10x12 in. 35 cts. These photos are works of art, finely finished, genuine buffalo color, and will be mailed postpaid on receipt of price. Agents wanted. Address
32 2t) J. W. ROBINSON, Franklin, Neb.

The Southern members of Congress from the Mississippi valley are bragging to their cousituents that they secured an appropriation of $10,000,000, for the improvement of Lower Mississippi. Part of this is in the way of authorized contracts. These same members kept Congress in session for days by their filibustering in opposition to the world's Fair Appropriation. It makes a vast difference to them where the money is to be spent. If in the South for levees, which will benefit owners of plantations, it is constitutional and patriotic,. but if in the North, then they have their doubts about the Constitution warranting the appropriation.

A correspondent writes; As this is the season for the greedy cabbage worms I will send an unfailing remedy, hoping it may benefit some of your many readers. Make strong alum water and pour over the cabbage plants in the evening or early in morning; two or three times in the season is all that is necessary, and it don't injure the cabbage in the least I have tried it for several seasons so I know whereof I speak.

FEMALE WEAKNESS,—SURE CURE.

To THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the thousand and one ills which arise from deranged female organs. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any lady if they will send their Express and P. O. address. Yours respectfully, DR. W. B. MARCHISI, 90 Genessee St., Utica, N. Y. 30 4t

GOOD THINGS BY HARRISON.

A Terse Passage From His Speeches For Every Day in the Week

"My countrymen, this Goverment is that which I love to think of as my country; for not acres, or railroad, or farm products for bulk meets, or Wall street, or all combined, are the country that I love. It is the institution, the form of government, the frame of civil society for which that flag stands, and which we love to day"—*Benjamin Harrison.*

"When that great chieftain received the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, when those who had for four years confronted us in battle stacked arms in total surrender, the terms were simply these: You shall go to your homes and shall be there unmolested, so long as you obey the laws in force where you reside.' That is the sum of our demand."—*Benjamin Harrison.*

"There is vast power in a protest. Public opinions is the most potent monarch this world knows to-day. Czars tremble in its presence."—*Benjamin Hrrrison.*

"There seems to be a witness in the association of young men with the Republican party. The Republican party is a young party. I have not yet begun to call myself an old man, and yet there is no older Republican in the United States than I am."—*Benjamin Harrison.*

"We cannot match ages with the Demociatic party any more than that party can match achievements with us. It has lived longer, but to less purpose."—*Benjamin Harrison.*

"When 500,000 veterans found themselves without any pressing engagement, and Phil Sheridan sauntered down towards the borders of Mexico, French evacuation was expedited, and when General Grant advised the English Government that our claims for the depredations commited by those rebel crusesers that were sent out from British ports to prey upon our commerce must be paid, but that we were not in a hurry about it—we could wait, but in the meantime interest would accumulate—the Geneva arbitration was accepted and compensation made for these unfriendly invasions of our right."—*Benjamin Harrison.*

"We must not forget that in dealing with these questions we were met continually by the protest and opposition of the Democratic party. The war against the States was unconstitutional. There was no right to coerce sovereign States. The war was a failure, and a dishonorable peace was demanded. The legal tenders were illegal. The constitutional amendments were void. And so through this whole brilliant history of achievement in this administration we were followed by the Democratic statesmen, protesting against every step and throwing every impediment in the way of national success until it seemed to be true of many of their leaders that in their estimation, nothing was lawful, nothing was lovely that did not conduce to the success of the rebellion."—*Benjamin Harrison.*

DEAD SEA FRUITS.

They slay multitudes when they are the product of neglect or incipient disease. A slight cold, a fit of indigestion, billiousness or constipation each or any of these minor "diseases" advance in many cases with league-destroying strides. Give them a swift, early defeat with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters and avert the danger. Abernethy administered an alarming rebuke to the man who informed him that he had "only a cold." "Only a cold," repeated the doctor. "What would ye have—the plague?" Rheumatism and la grippe are easily extinguishable at the start. Why then alloy them to get up a full head of steam. Put on the brakes with the Bitters. The genial warmth which this superb medicine diffuses through the system the impetus it gives to the circulation of the blood, its soothening and strengthening effect upon the nervous, specially recommend it to the enfeebled and sick. 'Tis the great specific for malaria.

OBSERVATION OF MARS.

Our nearest planetary neighbor Mars naturally occupies a good deal of attention at present. Having reached his closest proximity AUG 4th, the astronomers of the world were busily occupied in observing his peculiarities. While Schiaparellis' alleged canals have been observed, the duplication of them has not yet been perceived, and up to date the evidences of life which it was thought possible might be discovered by the improved instruments of the day have not yet been noted. Some bright projections have been seen on the southwest limb which are not fully explained, It is not thought, however, that they are the much-talked-of signals from the Martialist inhabitants, but are probably mountain peaks or some other phenomena which refract the light.

The most interesting of the observations are those taken of the two moons of Mars. That planet seems to be well supplied with moons, but the fact is the two togeth er do not amount to a good-sized moon such as the earth has. The smallest is about eight miles in diameter and the largest about twenty. The utter departure from mundane standards is shown by the fact that the smaller moon revolves about the planet in less than eight hours, is a "new moon" three times a day and has been seen to go through its four phases in a single evening.

It is evident that a planet where they have new moons three times a day is not bound by any of the conventions known to earth. It may be questioned whether, if there are any inhabitants in Mars, the utter absence of common ideas, indicated by the divergence in such fundamental matters as the phases of the moon, would not preclude any communication. How would we, for instance, communicate with a people whose sun rose only once in three months? We may imagine the Martialists looking down on the earth with a similar contempt as a wretched planet where it takes a moon nearly 720 hours to go through its changes; as a body which is wholly incapable of sustaining life.

It is evident that the present opposition of Mars will give a large addition to our astronomical knowledge. The power of observation by improved instruments has been greatly enhanced. Vast fields of knowledge are discovered by the addition to the power of the telescope.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

AMERICAY PROTECTION DID IT.

The production of pig iron in the United States in the year 1860, the year before the "Morrill tariff," was 987,559 tons.

In the year 1890, after three decades of Republican protection of pig iron was 9,202,703 tons.

This is what *Republican protection did* for the American iron industry and all the vast army of workmen employed therein.

Klein's Silver Age, Duquesne and Bear Creek Whiskies, together with all the leading Pennsylvania Ryes, bottled by Max Klein, are the most reliable whiskies sold. See that Klein's signature is on every label, and his name blown in the bottle. It is a guarantee of purity. For sale by S. Shloss, wholesale agent, Williamsport, Pa.

SUNDAY PAPERS.

The Sunday papers will arrive in Bellefonte on Sunday afternoon hereafter between three and four o'clock, regular subscribers can receive then by leaving their order with Dunhamo News Depot No 7 North High St. 23—31 tf.

WANTED—SALESMAN: Salary from start, permanent place. Brown Bros. Co., Nurseryman, Rochester, New York. 30 4t

COURT PROCLAMATION—Whereas, the Hon. A. O. Furst, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the 49th Judicial district, consisting of the counties of Centre and Huntingdon, and the Hon. Daniel Rhoads and the Hon. Thomas F. Riley, Associate Judges in Centre, having issued their precept bearing date the 30th day July, of 1892, to me directed for holding a Court of Oyer and Terminer and general Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and commence on the 4th Monday of August the 22nd day of August, 1892, and to continue two weeks. Notice is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then or there to prosecutee against them shall be just.

Give under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 30th day of July, in the year of our Lord, 1892, and the one hundred and fifteenth year of the Independence of the United States.

WM. A. ISHLER, Sheriff.

23 30 4t

Rochester Business University
A THOROUGH COMMERCIAL AND SHORTHAND SCHOOL
PRACTICAL EDUCATION YIELDS PRACTICAL RESULTS.
IT HAS A Superior Course of Study, A Thorough Faculty, The Best Class of Students.
IT EDUCATES Capable Bookkeepers, Thorough Teachers, Expert Stenographers.
IT SUPPLIES Business Houses with Bookkeepers, Business Offices with Stenographers, Schools with Commercial Teachers.
WILLIAMS & ROGERS, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."
DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."
DR. J. F. KINCHELOE, Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."
UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.
ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

Bellefonte Markets.

Red Wheat, per bushel	$ 85
Mixed wheat per bushel	80
Buckwheat, new, per bushel	40
Rye per bushel	60
Corn (shelled)	45
Corn (ears)	40
Oats	30
Barley	50
Clovereed, fair to good	7.80
do prime and extra prime	8 00
do choice	8.40
Flour, retail, per barrel	5 00
Flour, wholesale	4 40
Hay choice mixed, per ton	10 00
" prime timothy " "	12.00
" choice " " "	15.00

Provision Markets.

Corrected weekly by Eureka Grocery.

Apples, dried, per pound	5
Green apples, per bushel	40
Cherries, dried, per pound, seeded	10
Dried Currants, per pound	8
New Raisins, per pound	16 — 20
Beans, per quart	10
Fresh Butter, per pound	32
Cheese, per pound	16
Country Hams, per pound	8
Hams, sugar cured	10
Shoulders	10
Breakfast Bacon	12½
Country Bacon	8
Lard, leaf, per pound	10
Lard, country, per pound	8
Eggs, per dozen	12½
Potatoes, per bushel	30
New Potatoes, per bushel	1 00
Dried Beef	20
Canned Beef, 2 pound can	25
Country Side, per pound	8
Canned Tomatoes, per can	10—12—15
Canned Corn, per can	10—12½—18
Lemons, per dozen	30
Oranges, per dozen	40—50
Dried Sweet Corn, per pound	10
Apple Butter, per gallon	35
Buffer Flour, per sack	1 25

BOOTS & SHOES.

JOHN M. COBLE,
LEMONT, CENTRE COUNTY, PENNA

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Boots and Shoes made to order, at two dollars less a pair than than the same can be purchased in Bellefonte or any other large town.

First class work and material. Nothing cheap but the price. Satisfaction guaranteed in fit and style.

All I ask is one trial, I know that after that I shall have your trade.

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When I Go Home.

When I go home, when I go home to him!
I like to picture to myself his way
Of greeting me, and what his lips shall say,
And mine reply; and will his eyes be dim.

With mist of joy-tears? Will my coming be
As dear a boon to him as he has dreamed?
Will all the glad bewilderment that seemed
So sweet in fancy find its verity.

When I come home? Or will some fancied change
Of speech, or look, or mien the one transform
Who used to wear for him a nameless charm,
Tempering his joy with shadows new and strange?

With shadows darkling for a little space,
And then, O, sweet beyond imagining,
The cadence, half sob, half song, will ring
With the old music, hallowing the place.

My glad heart has no room in it for doubt,
The morning glories clambering at the door,
With leaves and blooms, and tendrils leaning o'er,
Flecking the sunshine, cannot keep it out.

I love to fancy the felicities
That shall be mine upon that day of days,
The old endeavoring names, and tricks of phrase,
And smiles that haunted all my reveries.

If rain or sunshine be, or gloom or gleam,
The day of my return, sweet opulence
Of gladness flooding mood and circumstance
Shall smile across the mists with roseate beam.

When I go home again! When I go home!
My feet have strayed upon these journeyings,
But my heart never; all my longing clings
To the old haunts; always my fancies come.

Back to the old abiding-place to rest,
Howe'er I wander under alien skies;
And find forever there their paradise,
Love's very self answering my heart's behest.

Rosaline E. Jones.

LITTLE JIM'S FUNERAL.

Little Jim's death has caused a good deal of talk.

Of that there was no doubt.

Every motherly person in that portion of South Brooklyn known as the "Patch" has been talking about it for the last week, for Jim was one of the celebrities of that locality.

It is not alone of his death they are talking, however, for that had been anticipated for some time, and besides deaths are so common there that but little is thought of it. Mrs. Moriarty, one of the leading ladies of the "Patch," expressed the general opinion tersely but fairly when she said recently: "Sure the worst thing about dyin' is that betchune the docthors, the wake, the undertakers, an' the buryin' it's chaper to live"—a rather mixed statement, the meaning of which is cleaf, however.

No, it was not the death of little Jim that caused all the talk before referred to.

Not at all.

It was his funeral that gave rise to all the talk. It was one of the most remarkable funerals ever seen in south Brooklin.

No one who knew Little Jim in life would have supposed that he could command such honor in death.

Jim's life was not one that even the ordinary street arab would naturally envy.

The locality in which Jim lived and died does not include among its inhabitants any whose names figure in any elite directory. There are a sprinkling of longshoremen, some junkmen and truckmen, some ordinary laborers, and some people who neither toil nor spin. There are the usual dingy rum-shops that are more prosperous than any other kind of shops. There are pigs, and goats, and dogs innumerable, that always seem to be engaged in breaking city ordinances and getting their owners into trouble. Taking it all in all, it is a unique locality in more respects than one.

Tradition in the patch has it that at one period Jim had a father and mother. Now, society at the Patch does not ask for much, but it would seem that the parents of Jim did not come up to the social requirements of even this easy-going locality, so that there was no regret when Jim's mother died after a prolonged spree, and his father left the Patch never to return. This did not occur, however, until after, in some friendly brawl, one or the other, or both of them, had in some manner, injured Jim so that he remained a cripple until the day of his death.

It was about this time that Timothy Murphy, longshoremen, coming home from his work one night, and being thirsty, directed his steps to a resort for the bibulously inclined, known as the Hole in the Wall." He was just quenching his thirst when he saw a dwarfish form enter, partly with the assistance of an improvised crutch.

The gentleman who presided in the establishment leaned over the counter.

"Well, what is it?" he demanded.

"I'm lookin' for me fadder," was the reply.

"Well, yer father an't here, so you'd better get out."

"Hold on," said Mr. Murphy, longshoreman, at this juncture. "Come here, me lad. It's meself that knows yer blaggard of a father, an' it's me opinion ye'll see him no more, an' sorra the much loss."

The boy set up a whimper, and then the big longshoreman put his broad hand over his mouth.

"Whisht," he said, "come with me," and the burly longshoreman and the little cripple left the store together.

A few moments later Mr. Sullivan, longshoreman, appeared in his own domicile with little Jim.

"It's that bye of Flaherty's Mary," said he to his motherly looking wife. "Give him a sup an' a place to sleep. We've enough av our own to feed, but wan more'll make little difference. If we've a feast we'll not miss what he eats. If we've a famine sorry bit av me but thinks that he's used to the same."

And that is the way Jim became domiciled with the Murphys. Hard enough times the Murphys had of it, too, for there were days and weeks when Murphy, longshoreman, had enough to do to keep his family in bread. Yet the ugly duckling that he had taken in got as good as the Murphys did. The warm heart of Mrs. Murphy went out to the little forlorn cripple, and she treated him as though he had been her own child.

Nor was Jim ungrateful. He developed a variety of talents that brought many a penny into the treasury of the Murphys. He was errand boy for most of the Patch, and spite his crutch could perform a mission more quickly than most other boys and with more intelligence. He also picked up somehow the art of writing in a queer spider-like fashion, and wrote letters for those denizens of the Patch who could not write themselves. There is a formula followed in writing such letters as these, for the writer always starts out with the rather superfluous announcement that he "takes his pen in hand" and always ends by "wishing this will find you in good health as it leaves me at present," regardless of his actual condition of health. This formula is as immovable as were the laws of the Medes and Persians, and by his fidelity to it little Jim added to his popularity and his income.

Then Jim had a little, cracked voice, with just a little sweetness in it, and he sang two or three songs in a manner that the people of the Patch considered as being extremely artistic. Jim's repertoire was not extensive. He sang "Only a Picture," and warbled about the Scotch lad Geordie, who left his Jean to fight with the Scotch brigade and never came back, and he sang about a letter that some one had received from Ireland. In addition he somehow learned to play several airs on an old accordion that belonged to the Murphy family.

All last summer Jim used his accomplishment in various directions and picked up a good many dollars. Most of these went into the Murphy treasury, but one day in rummaging about his bed Mrs. Murphy found an old handkerchief, and tied up in it were several dollars in small silver.

"Lord love the boy, it's savin' up for somethin' he is," said good-natured Mrs. Murphy. And she tied up the money and placed it where she had found it. She said nothing to Jim about it, but afterward came to the conclusion that bit by bit Jim was adding to his hoard.

One day Jim, who seemed to have something on his mind, surprised the good woman by abruptly asking:

"Where do the people in the Patch be buried when they die?"

"Arrah, Jim, what's the matter? What questions are you askin'?" said the astonished woman.

"I asked you where people that dies around here are buried," said Jim sturdily.

"Where, sure, but in the cimitery," responded Mrs. Murphy.

"And if I died where would I be buried?" said the persistent Jim.

"The Lord forbid ye should die, Jim; but if ye did the ould man an' mesilf has wan lot in the cimitery where our weeny wans is buried, and ye should lay there, Jim."

Jim looked both relieved and thoughtful, and left the house without asking any more questions. Mrs. Murphy, in her perplexity, told her husband of her conversation.

"I dunno', Mary," said the longshoreman thoughtfully, "they say children can look ahead, an' the bye is too knowin' to live. That cough av his, too, is bad. But don't borry trouble."

It was certain when the winter opened that Jim was getting thinner, and that he had a painful cough, which was growing worse. The people of the Patch had enough to do to live, and yet there was not a house in it where Jim was not welcome to whatever there was. His conversation with Mrs. Murphy about burial had been quietly circulated, and among these simple superstitious people it invested him with new interest. Another thing about Jim that caused much comment was the manner in which Jim hung constantly about the shop of the good-natured Irishman who buried most of the persons who died in the Patch.

One day the latter was astonished on entering the shop to find Jim following at his heels and making mysterious signs to him. Drawing him to one end of the counter Jim produced a small bundle from his coat. Untying it, he dumped out a pile of silver.

"How much is a funeral?" he demanded sententiously.

"Why, Jim, what do you mean?" asked the astonished undertaker.

"How much is a funeral?" Jim again demanded.

"Well, that depends on who it is for," said the undertaker, hoping to draw the boy out.

"Well," responded Jim, "it may be for me an' it may be for some one else. There is $16. When I have more I'll give it to you. When I want this funeral I'll want it bad. I want it to be the real thing. Black horses an' them things on top of the hearse an' all that. You'll tend to all that, will yo?"

"Yes, Jim; of course," said the still bewildered undertaker.

"All right, then," said Jim marching out, leaving the money on the counter.

"Well, if that don't bate all," muttered the undertaker to himself when the boy had gone out. "That gosoon bargainin' for his own funeral. It bates the fairies."

The queer bargain that Jim made was soon talked about, and he became a greater object of interest. It was plain now to all who knew Jim that his days were numbered. It seemed strange that the forlorn, neglected child should have his heart set upon having a splendid funeral, but he had, and the undertaker with whom he had made his agreement had let it be known that the boy should have a funeral equal to any that ever left the Patch.

A couple of weeks ago it was plain that the end was near. Jim was forced to lie in bed very quiet; and thin and pale he was, too. Up to this time he had said nothing further about burial to Mrs. Murphy. Finally he called her to him.

"It's all right, wot you said about the grave, an't it?" he asked.

"Yes, Jim," was the tearful answer; "but ye may get well yet."

"I won't," said Jim with a touch of his old obstinacy, "an' when I'm dead I want everybody to come in an' see me." Here Jim delved under his pillow very painfully and brought out two or three silver pieces. "Here, ma'm. You kin get some pipes and tobakker an' snuff. They always has them, don't they, at real funerals?" he asked somewhat anxiously, and seemed relieved when he was assured that the articles named would be procured.

"You needn't worry about the funeral, ma'm," continued Jim. "I saved up money an' bought that myself. I've been thinkin' for a good while that I'd need it. I'd like to see that chap wat I brought it from, though."

Half an hour later the undertaker was at Jim's bedside. Jim looked up with a wan smile of recognition. Then he reached under his pillow again and found a few more silver pieces.

"They're the last I have," he said, as he put them into the undertaker's hand, despite the latter's protest.

"Is that funeral most ready?" he asked.

"Yes, Jim."

"Well," said Jim, with a weak smile, "I'm most ready for the funeral. The hearse and them things on top, is they all right?"

"Yes, Jim; all right."

"An' the carriages, an' the black horses, an' all that?"

"Yes, Jim; all right."

"All right, then," said Jim, a little wearily. "I'm a little tired now, an' I guess I'll go to sleep."

And he did! When they come to look at him some time later he was sleeping his last sleep with a smile on his face.

And the Patch honored him in death as it honors few in life. The undertaker more than kept his word with Jim. The Murphy cottage was small and the undertaker had the body of the dead moved to his best room, where it lay in state for two days, during which time all the Patch visited the rooms. Nor did Mrs. Murphy forget her commission. The tobacco and the pipes and the snuff were there.

And the funeral! That was a revelation to the Patch. The hearse had waving plumes, to the surprise of some of the natives who had thought that no one lower in the social circle than an alderman or a prosperous liquor dealer could be so honored. The black horses were there, and the undertaker in person superintended the funeral instead of delegating this duty to an assistant.

It was a proud day for Mrs. Murphy, who wore her black beaded cashmere dress, bought many years ago ready-made and only worn on state occasions. With Mr. Murphy and the young Murphys she had the carriage next to the hearse, and there were some twenty other carriages. Even the proprietor of the "Hole in the Wall" was fain to bow to the exigencies of the occasion and rode to the funeral in solemn state, while several local politicians, with an eye to the main chance, also attended.

Mrs. Murphy, in speaking of the matter, wiped her eyes as she said:

"I feel as though wan av me own had gone from me; but there's wan comfort. Little Jim was buried like a gintleman."

One of the younger inhabitants of the Patch had something to say about the matter, too, when he was seen. "You kin say that our Jim is going to have a monument," he said. "We're raisin' the money an' it's goin to be a dandy. We're goin' to have somethin' on the stone, too, that'll kinder tell wot kind of a feller little Jim wuz. Some of the boys wuz a thinkin' about somethin' like this," said Jim's friend, producing rather a dirty piece of paper on which was written:

"Our Jim,
His legs wuz crooked
But he wuz straight."

"It may not be in just that style, but them's about our sentiment's," concluded Jim's friend.

And so, while Jim in life was of little consequence, after death he has been honored. The same can not be said of the great ones of the earth.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

The Early Owl.

An Owl once lived in a hollow tree,
And he was as wise as wise could be.
The branch of Learning he did n't know
Could scarce on the tree of knowledge grow.
He knew the tree from branch to root,
And an Owl like that can afford to hoot.

And he hooted—until, alas! one day
He chanced to hear, in a casual way,
An insignificant little bird
Make use of a term he had never heard.
He was flying to bed in the dawning light
When he heard her singing with all might,
"Hurray! hurray for the early worm!"
"Dear me!" said the Owl, "what a singular term!
I would look it up if it were n't so late;
I must rise at dusk to investigate.
Early to bed and early to rise
Make an Owl healthy and stealthy and wise!"

So he slept like an honest Owl all day,
And rose in the early twilight gray,
And went to work in the dusky light
To look for the early worm all night.

He searched the country for miles around,
But the early worm was not to be found.
So he went to bed in the dawning light,
And looked for the "worm" again next night.
And again and again, and again and again,
He sought and he sought, but all in vain,
Till he must have looked for a year and a day
For the early worm, in the twilight gray.

At last in despair he gave up the search,
And was heard to remark, as he sat on his perch
By the side of his nest in the hollow tree,
"The thing is as plain as night to me—
Nothing can shake my conviction firm,
There's no such thing as the early worm."

—Oliver Herford, in St. Nicholas.

WOLF-COURSING IN RUSSIA.

Game Running Fights with Big Odds with the Hounds.

The wolf was carried out in his cage, which, on pulling a string, fell to pieces like a pigeon trap, and he set off at a long gallop. The dogs, in hot pursuit, soon came up and Khvatai made first rush, but missed, rolling over with the wolf, who, however, picked himself up and went on.

Both dogs in turn now came up, says the *Field*, but did not get an opening for a minute or so, when Molodetz tackled and "pinned," Khvatai at once joining in—a very good piece of work.

In less than thirty seconds the huntsman was also on the wolf, and the three held him till other helpers came up and secured him. He was then put back into the cage and carted off. As far as I could see neither the dogs nor the wolf were scratched.

The second couple were Lebed and Hishchni. Their wolf went of rather faster than the first one; indeed, though the beast seemed to be lolloping along very comfortably, it took the borozis almost as long to come up with him as it did for them to reach the hares. The first rush was made by Hischni with great determination, but he missed, and the wolf at once slackened pace and showed fight. This let up Lebel, who "pinned" very finely, but was not backed by his companion, who, after his first rush, seemed to be somewhat shy about coming to close quarters.

The pace had been so sharp that the hunter could not get up in time, and only just ran in as the wolf shook himself free. Both dogs encouraged by the man, now made repeated attempts to get hold, but the wolf kept up a running fight, lying down on his back at intervals, in which position he appeared to be impregnable, at any rate for the man. The dogs, too, had each been punished, and finally the wolf got near the covert. At this juncture an extra pair were slipped, and the four dogs finished up by getting the quarry cornered and pinned in the spinney.

Zlovad and Zlobatch were the third pair, and Lebed and Hishchni were left in the field as auxiliaries in case of need. The wolf went away for the enclosure palings, which he reached just as the hounds were at his tail.

One of them made a dash, with the result that, being brought up against the rails, the two dogs and the wolf had a rough-and-tumble fight for a minute, from which the wolf emerged victorious. In fact, one of the dogs refused to approach him again, and the other followed at a very respectful distance, hesitating each time that the wolf turned and showed his teeth. In this way the wolf was rapidly gaining the covert when the second pair were slipped, but a little too late, as Lebed made his grab just as the wolf reached the shelter. However, he gamely followed him in, and, fired by his example the other three now joined.

After about ten minutes, though, matters got no further advanced, and a third pair were slipped. Even with this reinforcement, however, and several men, it was not for nearly twenty minutes that the wolf was turned out into the open.

Here he again stuck to the palings, running along them, thus being protected from attack on one side and snapping at every dog who came near him. Lebed, however, who had never left him in pace for a moment, at last got a chance, and "pinned," and in a minute two or three of the others laid hold and kept the beast down till the huntsman came on the scene.

Out of the six dogs five were more or less bitten, and Lebed's white coat was smirched with mud and blood all over from his severe tussles and three or four wounds in the head and forehead. He did not, however, seem much the worse, nor, indeed, did the wolf, although he had had a bit of worrying at the finish, and was thoroughly exhausted till revived by sprinkling with cold water.

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John, in astonishment, what woman?

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ONE AMONG A HUNDRED.

"Amy, thar cums Hugh Peterson down the lane. Jes' run in and put on yore blue caliker. I'll talk long wi' him till yo' cums out."

The speaker, a tall, dark-eyed, elderly woman, addressed a gentle-faced girl of about 20, who was gathering a bouquet of roses by her side.

It was winter, but in Florida roses are especially fine in December, and Amy Wilson had the rarest collection in the country.

She turned slowly toward her mother, adding a bud here and there to her basket, already piled, as she did so.

"No, mother. This dress looks well enough, and I cannot entertain him this afternoon. I promised to carry this basket of flowers to Lena Pratt, to help decorate the church to-morrow, and she will wait for me."

"I do b'leeve yo' got no grain o' sense, Amy Wilson—to turn yore back on a good-lookin' well-to-do young fellow like Hugh Peterson! To jes' snub him straight 'long! I declar', yo' vex me!" with a frown on her unusually placid brow, as she looked searchingly into the fair face of the girl before her.

Amy laughed, and tapped her lovingly upon the cheek with brown, but slender fingers.

"He is almost here, mother, and I will go in and slip out the back way. You can make excuses for me, for indeed I cannot disappoint Lena."

And she was gone before her mother could add a word.

The day was perfect, and, walking through the sweet-smelling pines, Amy sighed contentedly. The pleasant green of the woods never framed a sweeter or fairer picture than she made, with her basket of roses on her arm and her deep-gray eyes turned dreamily upon the familiar prospect around her.

Her parents belonged to the "cracker" caste, but they were thrifty and industrious and had given their children the best advantages their means afforded.

Amy, being the youngest and best beloved, had fared even better than her brothers and sisters, and was regarded in the neighborhood as quite a prodigy in the way of learning and accomplishments.

At the foot of an immense pine tree she paused, and pressing her hand caressingly over some rude letters carved upon the trunk, she whispered:

"True till death!' That was his promise. I will never doubt you, Rob, nor give my heart to another. What does it matter that I have not heard from you for two years? When you have made a home for me, however humble, you will claim me, and I can wait!"

Ah, Hugh Peterson, could you have seen her tender eyes a moment ago, you would not rein in your horses so confidently, as you reach her side, nor so hastily dismount and take masterful possession of her basket of roses!

She looked up into his really handsome, manly face, and said, coldly:

"Why did you come? I told you yesterday that I should not be at home."

"You always tell me that," smiling down upon her with tender eyes. "If I waited for an invitation from you, I should never see you. But your mother is my friend, and your father, too; and with them on my side, I shall not despair. Are you made of stone that you care so little for my love?" sudden passion upon his face and breaking tremulously through his voice.

Before she could answer, he added, hastily:

"No, I will not listen to what you say, for I know you mean to snub me as usual. I believe I can win you in spite of your coldness, and I shall never give you up until I see you married to another."

She turned her eyes full upon him.

"Your hope is vain. You will not believe me?" earnestly, solemnly. "You know why I cannot love you. Why waste your heart and time upon me?"

"Because I know how girls change," laughing lightly, "and because I know I am more fitted to make your life comfortable and happy than Rob Stewart."

With his broad acres, prosperous store, and beautiful home, it was no wonder he was sure o' success.

He loved her ardently and tenderly, and she was the only girl who had ever looked upon his handsome, laughing face with coldness.

Of course this piqued him, and as she was the first woman he had ever cared to win for his wife, he would not easily give her up.

At his last words she threw up her head proudly.

"If we are to be friends at all, you must not speak in that tone of Rob."

"Very well. I meant no disrespect, for Rob is a fine fellow, if he is unfortunate in business. His folks are blue about him, for they haven't heard from him for over a year, and they are sure he is in trouble."

Amy sighed softly, but answered, resolutely:

"He will come back some day and surprise them. You will all feel sorry then that you talked about and doubted him."

Hugh Peterson, being an adroit as well as an earnest lover, left no means untried by which his lady's favor might be gained.

He organized a picnic, to be held in the lovely oak grove which gave his beautiful home — "The Oaks" — its name, hoping that a close inspection of the fine old place might aid him in winning Amy's regard.

He could not believe her insensible to the desire—present in the heart of every girl—of being the loved and honored mistress of a perfectly appointed home.

Nellie—Amy's sister, only a year her senior, and as gay and coquettish as Amy was modest and shy—was in raptures over the fine house, the lovely grounds, and finely cultivated plantation.

"What a goose Amy will be if she turns her back upon all this, with handsome Hugh thrown in! And all for plain, impecunious Rob Stewart! I do believe the girl is bewitched. I am sure any one might love Hugh; he is so merry and splendid-looking"—throwing a laughing glance from her black eyes toward the spot where their gallant young host was striding about the green-sward attending to the comfort of his guests.

Amy was invisible, but Hugh knew just the pretty niche which held her—a lovely spot down by the spring—and he was well content to have her there. Would he not not join her soon? And might not the pleasing prospect all around her soften her heart toward him and his love?

Could he have seen Amy at that moment his face would have been less bright, his heart less buoyant.

She was reading, with happy, impassioned eyes, a letter from Rob Stewart. She had received it the day before, and not a soul knew of it but herself.

"My Own True Darling: At last I am coming to claim you. My home is very humble, only a log cabin, but love will glorify it, and we are young. I have had a hard time, but I would not distress you with my troubles until they were so far over that I could see daylight ahead.

"I cannot write my love, but will wait and tell it when I am by your side. God bless and keep you. Always your own. ROB."

With this precious missive on her breast it was little wonder, with her constant and steadfast nature, that Hugh Peterson's handsome possessions failed to impress her.

Pretty Nellie might rave and wonder and pout that the chance of being mitress of "The Oaks" was not given to some one who would appreciate it—meaning herself, of course—but her sister went serenely on her way, only conscious that her lover was true and was coming very soon to claim his wife.

Three days later, as Mr. Wilson was standing at his front gate at sunset, watching to see that the cows were properly brought home, a young man, neatly dressed in a well-fitting business suit and wearing the happy air of a man at peace with himself and all the world, approached him unnoticed, and surprised him by grasping his hand cordially and exclaiming heartily:

"Well met, Mr. Wilson! I am bound for your house, and was just thinking I ought to have a talk with you before I saw your daughter."

"Wal, Rob, your comin' is so sudden like, I am that tuk back I skercely knowed ye! Bin putty hearty sence you went west?"

Something in his tone and manner, a coldness utterly at variance with his habitual warmth and heartiness, struck an unpleasant chill on the young man's heart.

"At first I was sick, had chills, and they almost used me up. But I went still farther west, into Utah, and since then I have been all right," briefly, and with his clear, steady glance striving to read the meaning of the old farmer's uneasy manner.

"Is you settled that fur west? That thar's a long ways from here. 'Pears like you might almos' ez well be dead," rubbing his hands slowly and looking down the road.

The young man laughed lightly.

"Oh, no! It's a fine country, and you would enjoy a trip out there. But, Mr. Wilson," very seriously, his frank face growing positively handsome with the tender light which broke over it as his pleasant voice deepened, "I have come to carry your daughter back as my wife. We have loved each other for years. Have I your consent?"

The old man turned slowly and looked full into the clear, frank eyes.

"Hev ye a home fitten to take her to?"

"No, not good enough; it is only a log cabin, but it is paid for, and I own a good farm and plenty of stock. It will be hard work for a few years to pull through, but we are young and strong and we love each other!"

"Now, Rob, it won't do. My gal hez bin keerfully raised; never done no hard work in her life. An' you liven too fur away. Amy's the baby, you know, an' we all set by her mightily. Besides——"

Here he hesitated.

"What else?"

The young man's voice had lost its pleasant ring, and his face was pale and stern.

"Wal, I dunno but I better tell ye all 'bout it. Hugh Peterson, a good and likely lad, ye remember, and thrifty and forehanded, is acourtin' the child. Her mother's heart is sot on seein' her his wife, and I'm willin' to 'low that I feels jes' the same way."

A minute's silence followed these words, when nothing but the deep breathing of the young man broke the stillness.

Both were too absorbed to notice a graceful figure coming leisurely down the road, swinging her hat by its ribbons, and dreamily watching the sunset slowly fading into night.

"You mus' give her up, Rob, sarten and shore! Ef you do that, she will marry Hugh, fur it don't stand to reason that a gal o' sense would go runnin' off from all her folks to that pesky Utaw to live in a log cabin and work herself to death, when here, right at home, is a good-lookin' man, rich enough to dress and keep her like a lady, jes' nachully dyin' fur to marry her."

Here a low but joyful cry was heard, and Amy, rosy, palpitating and tender-faced, stood before her lover.

Both hands were outstretched, and Rob, as he eagerly clasped them, for a moment lost his self-control.

"Remember what I tole ye," said Mr. Wilson, almost roughly, as he noticed the girl's happy face. "Ye cayn't have her."

"Amy," and her lover's voice was almost stern in his effort for self-mastery, "you know that I love you with all my heart, and that your happiness is my first thought."

"Well?" expectantly, and with tender, wondering eyes fastened upon his agitated face.

"I am but a poor man, and as my wife your life for years will be one of toil and privation. If you marry Hugh Peterson, ease and luxury await you. My darling it is hard to say the words, but I free you from your promise."

She gazed into his face for a moment, and reading there his undying love, laughed softly.

"And this is my answer!" she breathed, raising her arms to clasp them around his neck, and resting her head against his throbbing bosom.

What man that ever loved could resist that?

Certainly Rob Stewart could not, and love came off with flying colors, and two hearts in this world of trouble and sorrow believed themselves in paradise.

Did Amy ever regret her choice? Oh, no! Love glorified her life, and crosses and hardships ceased to be such when met by the brave and happy spirit which a contented heart always brings.

Ease and wealth came at last, and merry children grew up around her hearth, and sheltered in her husband's love life was sweet and beautiful.

Coquettish Nellie became the proud mistress of "The Oaks," and basking in her sunny smiles, Hugh Peterson sometimes asked himself how it was that he had ever been such a "muff" over shy little Amy.

Such is man's constancy!—*Saturday Night.*

Three Types of Drama.

The border drama: "I am only a rough fellow, Mary. I don't wear fine clothes and use fine words, but every time your father brought you here to the mountains I've loved you, Mary. I've none of the airs of that city chap, Mary, but if a faithful heart and a pair of ready hands——"

"Take me, Bill; I've loved you all my life." (Throws herself in his arms).

The society drama:

"I've come to say good-by, Mabel. I'm going far away. I will trouble you no more, I am going to leave friends, home, everything, for your sake. I trust you will be happy without me, dearest—I—good-by——"

Starts for door.

"Harry!"

He pauses.

"Mabel!"

They rush to each other.

"Then you love me, after all!"

"Why, of course, you silly boy. Couldn't you see I was only trying to make you jealous?"

French drama:

"Without you life would be a blank. I could not live—I would kill himself. You are my all. Your presence has enthralled me. Say but the word and I will throw myself at your feet. Say that blissful word which will make you mine."

"But my husband?"

"Oh, he doesn't count."—*Detroit Tribune.*

He Fled.

A woman was standing on the corner of Michigan avenue and Fourth street the other day, says the Detroit *Free Press*, when a tramp came along and began.

"Madame, I am trying to raise money to go to Buffalo, where I hope to strike a job."

"Yes."

"I have been very unfortunate; my wife is dead."

"Poor man!"

"And then my children died."

"How sad."

"And then I fell and broke my leg and I have just recovered from the hurt."

"Poor, poor man!"

"I came to Detroit to work at my trade which is shoveling snow, but there is no snow to shovel."

"I see."

"And so if you could help me a bit I would be eternally grateful."

"I'm willing," she replied. "I have no money to give you, but if you are willing we'll get married and open a hand laundry. I'll keep the books and take care of the cash and you can——"

"Do the washing and ironing! Never! Good-day, madame!"

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Horses for Cavalry Service.

The contracts this year have been heavier than for many preceding years, something over 600 horses for the army having already been purchased in this market since Jan. 1. The cavalry horse must be, first, of solid color. A blaze face or white leg will unfit an otherwise perfect horse for army use. His weight must not exceed 1,050 pounds nor less than 950. His height is required to be from 15 hands 1 inch to 15 hands 3 inches. In addition to these requirements he must be perfectly sound of wind and limb, without splints or spavin knots. Right here a fine distinction of terms is made which may be worth knowing. A splint is a knot or excrescent growth on the fore leg close enough to the knee joint to be dangerous, while a spavin is the same character of knot on the hind leg under or close to the hock joint. These knots stiffen the joints and naturally detract from the value of a horse.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

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Prof. Felix L. Oswald will continue his attractive articles.

This is only a partial list. Other attractive features will be announced from time to time.

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Bellefonte Republican,

To CORRESPONDENTS.—No communication published unless accompanied by the real name of the writer.
Corespondents should write upon but one side of the paper, and avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

EDWARD T. TUTEN.

Local Department.

—The Baptist society of Port Matilda will hold a picnic at the grove near the Cannons on Saturday, September third.

—The Harrisburg Telegraph says that six midion dollars were invested in corporations in this state during the month of July.

—The Presbyterian society of Port Matilda will hold a picnic at Bald Eagle Grove, between Bald Eagle and Vail September 10.

—The United Brethren church of Port Matilda will hold a picnic next Saturday at the Grove near the Cannons. A large crowd is expected.

—Forty five of the Curtin and Potter families held a picnic at Hunters Park last week Wednesday. Mrs J. W. Gephart and family went with them and all had a pleasant time.

—While in France Gen. Hastings met Rev. Houck, pastor of the M. E. church of Bellefonte. They spent a week together The Rev gentleman was to start last Friday for his return trip he is expected to reach here to night.

—A course of lectures are to be held at Phillipsburg under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Able lecturers have been engaged; tickets $1.00. The season ticket holders are to have reserved seats. Lectures to be in the church.

—Survivors of the 148th Regiment in Centre county will doubtless be interested in the announcement that the survivors of the Second Corps, Army of the Potomac, will hold a grand reunion during the G. A. R. encampment in Washington, on September 20th next.

—The P. O. S. of A., of Julian, held a festival last Saturday evening. There was a large attendance. The receipts amounted to one hundred and eighty dollars. Everyone who went had a good time and the projectors of the enterprise were highly pleased with their success.

—Col. Geo. B. Brandon, of Bellefonte, holds the responsible position of National Inspection officer of the Veteran Legion. On Monday, August 15, he visited in his official capacity Encampment No. 71, of Lock Haven. After the ceremony there was a banquet at the Fallon House. The papers of that city speak in highly complimentery terms of Col. Brandon.

—The people of Marsh Creek had a Sunday School celebration at which there were over two hundred people. Judge A. O. Furst was there and took in the fine repast of good things furnished by the country ladies with evident relish. He also made an address which was very entertaining. The pastor, Rev. Miller, also gave them a talk everybody enjoyed themselves to the utmost.

—A festival was held by the Mite society of the Presbyterian church at Samuel Shaffers, on Curtin street, last Friday evening, the proceeds to be devoted to the organ fund. A severe rain storm came up in the early evening which kept many away; those who meat, however, had a very pleasant time. The proceeds were twelve dollars which considering the rain was thought to be a financial success.

—Morris Swartz, formerly of Bellefonte, a son of Dr. Swartz, preached at the M. E. Church in this place last Sunday morning and evening. There was a crowded house to hear the young man and every one speaks in the highest terms of praise of his ability and think he has a prosperous future before him as a pulpit orator. They say he was just grand. Well he is a Bellefonte boy which accounts for it all—they never fail in anything they undertake.

—Finding that drinking intoxicants by the workmen on the Penna Rail Road is not to the interest of the company or the safety of their men the officials have issued the following order

"The use of intoxicants by employees of the Pennsylvania railroad, while on duty, must be stopped at once. Any employe found visiting a saloon or building where intoxicating liquors are sold will be severely disciplined. Trainsmen are considered on duty from the time they are called."

—Here is the way the Houtzdale *Observer* moans over its delinquent subscribers; "We sent out a number of bills last week with the usual result—no responce. We wonderhow it will be with these same parties when the angle Gabriel speaks? His voice will bring an answer and they will fold their arms, close their eyes and pass into the land of shadows with our paltry bill weighing them down so hard they will never get a glimpse of the great White Throne." We are sorry for you, brother. You ought to shake the dust of that place from your No twelves and move to a county where the people are honest. We sent out one bill last week to Lewis C. Cano, of Loveville, and he returned us three dollars by first mail. That is the kind of subscribers we have over here. All honest fellows. When we want money we always send out bills for the exact amount we want and we get it. Do you believe that?

REPUBLICANS NOMINATE.

A Good Ticket from First to Last Put Up on Tuesday,

In obedience to the call issued by County Chairman W. F. Reeder, the Republicans of Centre county met in convention on Tuesday morning to put in nomination a ticket which, from its excellence in every way, is going to prove the winning ticket this fall.

The convention was called to order at 11.40 o'clock by Chairman Reeder Secretary H. C. Quigley read the call for the convention and then called the roll of delegates 99 out of 120 answering to their names.

An organization was effected by the election of James P. Coburn, Esq., of Aaronsburg, to the chair, and G. W. Ziegler, of Philipsburg, and G. H. Royer, of Miles, Secretaries, with H. C. Quigley for reading clerk.

The chair then appointed the following five a committee on resolutions: James B. Strohm, T Tobin Wm. Thompson, Jr. Nathaniel Bierly, and Issac Smith. The chair announced the convention open to receive nominations for Associate Judge. C. F. Hewes, Esq., presented the name of Samuel T. Gray, of Patton. The name of James C. Boal, of Centre Hall was also presented but immediately withdrawn. There being no other nomination Mr. Gray was nominated by the convention by acclamation.

The nomination of two candidates for Assembly being next in order the following names were presented: Prof. John Hamilton, of College; A. A. Dale, of Bellefonte; E. I Walker, of Boggs; and A. W. Hafer, of Bellefonte. Only one ballot was necessary for a choice and it stood as follows:

Hamilton	89
Dale	75
Hafer	14
Walker	14

Hamilton and Dale having received the required number of votes were declared the nominees of the convention for the Legislature.

The ballance of the ticket was all nominated by acclammation and is as follows: For Prothonotary, J. C. Miller, of Bellefonte; District Attorney, G. W. Ziegler, of Philipsburg; County surveyor, Jesse Cleaver, of Unionville.

By a consenting vote of the convention the chair appointed the following Congressional Conferrees; W. E. Irwin, of Philipsburg; Dr. Theo. S. Christ, of Lemont, and Dr. Frank VanValzah, of Spring Mills. They were unInstructed.

W. F. Reeder, Esq., was then unanimously re-elected County Chairman for the ensuing year.

At the suggestion of the county chairman W. F. Reeder, D. S. Keller and H. C. Quigley were appointed a committee to meet and confer with committees from the other counties in this Congressional district for the purpose of arranging a more just and equitable conferree system. One in which the number of conferees to which a county is entitled will be based on the number of Republican votes cast at the preceding Guoerratorial or Presidential election.

The Committee on resolutions reported as follows:

The Republican party of Centre county in convention assembled again declares its allegiance to its cardinal principles of protection to American labor, a sound currency and honest elections, and we heartily endorse the Minneapolis platform in which these principles are so ably reaffirmed:

1. We endorse the wise and patriotic administration of President Harrison, under which our country has prospered both in its foreign and domestic relations, and by which peace and order have been maintained at home with a kind yet firm hand, while foreign nations have realized that though loth to invite a conflict the American Government would unfalteringly protect its interests and those of its citizens whenever occasion required, and we predict for President Harrison and his associate upon the ticket such a majority in Pennsylvania as will properly emphasize her appreciation of their merit.

2 We endorse the workings of the "McKinley Bill," which has opened new avenues of industry in our land; given employment to thousands of willing hands and by competition has further cheapened the cost of many necessities of life. We tender to its distinguished author our congratulations upon the triumphant answer which time has given to his detractors and believe that the endorsement lately given him by his own state is but the prelude to more distinguished honors from the whole nation.

3. We condemn the extravagance and inaction of the Democratic House of Representatives which while making appropriations largely in excess of those of its predecessor, has stinted proper claims upon its attention and lavished immense sums in a wasteful River and Harbor bill for Southern streams; and has permitted an insignificant and factious minority of its own party to effectually block much needed legislation.

4. We denounce the shameless demagogues who have charged, either in partisan journals or legislative Halls, that the system of protection to American Labor is in anywise responsible for the recent labor troubles, and we call special attention to the fact that in the portion of our State where the most serious disturbances have occurred, the wages paid were so liberal as to astonish the most pronounced Democrats of the Congressional Committee of investigation.

5. We commend to employers and employes alike strict obedience to law, moderation, and the exercise of the principles of the Golden Rule and earnestly hope that wise counsels will soon prevail and proper relations between Capital and Labor be speedily established.

6. We especially condemn the Democratic party for its manifest hostility to American Labor as enunciated in the Chicago platform, but we congratulate the country that it has been forced at last to strip off its disguise and avow its open hostility to Protection, and we confidently appeal to the enlightened sentiment of our farmers, artisans and business men alike for a verdict in favor of that system which brings producer and consumer as closely together as possible, and against that policy which would place us at the mercy of foreign manufacturers and a few importers.

7. We especially condemn the Democratic party for its utterances in favor of free coinage and wildcat banknotes. We believe in a dollar worth 100 cents everywhere—as good for the laborer and farmer as for the capitalist and speculator; and we denounce every effort which will tend to debase the value of any money issued by the government, or which looks to a return to a currency so unstable as that which existed before the establishment of our present national currency.

8. We declare our unalterable devotion to a free ballot and a fair count. We believe that each freeman has a right to cast one vote and have it honestly counted, and we denounce the fraud and force by which so large a vote in the southern states is systematically suppressed.

9. We favor, as in the past, liberal pensions for our disabled veterans and the widows and orphans of our deceased soldiers, and we are confident that no man who, while President, exhausted his ingenuity in devising reasons for vetoing pension legislations, will ever again be elected to the President's chair.

10. We acknowledge, with gratitude, the stand taken by the Republican members of Congress in maintaining the American Christian Sabbath by closing the Columbus Exposition on Sunday; and our thanks are due to Senator M. S. Quay for his patriotic efforts in that behalf, and for his valuable services in support of the American protective system and in supporting the principles of Republicanism.

11. We hereby pledge our active and earnest support to the Republican national ticket, our State ticket, and our county ticket this day nominated; and we shall use all honorable means to secure election of each.

J. B. STROHM,
T. TOBIN,
WM. THOMPSON, JR.
NATHANIEL BIERLY,
ISSAC SMITH,
} Committee on Resolutions.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY GREGG POST.

The following resolutions of respect to the memory of the late James Fulton were passed by Gregg Post, No. 95, G. A. R., of Bellefonte, at a late meeting:

WHEREAS, it has pleased Almighty God in His wise Providence to remove from our midst, by the angel of death our Comrade James Fulton; therefore be it,

Resolved, That by the death of Comrade Fulton Gregg Post, No. 95 Dept. of Pa. G. A. R., has lost a good member.

Resolved, That the country has lost an able soldier and defender, he having served in the war with Mexico and all through the late civil war.

Resolved, That the church of which he was a member has lost a devoted, and a true Christain.

Resolved, That through his death his family has lost an affectionate father.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the Post and published in the town papers and a copy be furnished the family of deceased Comrade.

T. R. BENNER,
C. A. GLENN
C. ECKENROTH,
} Com.

THEY ARE THANKFUL.

At a meeting of Meyer's orchestra on Friday, August 12, the following resolutions were passed:

Resolved, That we, as an organization heartily appreciate the co-operation and liberality of the citizens of Bellefonte in aiding us so generously in securing sufficient funds for the purchase of a number of new instruments necessary for the further progress of our orchestra: That the thanks of the orchestra are due Mr. Robt. Cole for the excellent plan furnished for our music pavilion, which he kindly presented to the organization; also to J. Calvin Meyer for the aid given by him; to Dr. Hibler and others in securing the munificent subscription and that it is a proof of the warm interest he feels in this organization,

WM. T. MEYER
A. HIBLER, M. D.
ROBT. F. HUNTER
} Com.

The organization has a number of young men in training who will appear in public as soon as they are sufficiently expert

REUNION OF COMPANY E.

There will be a reunion of the survivors of Company E, 45th, Regiment, P. V. V., at Capt. Stevens' home near Loveville, this county, on Friday, September 2nd. The reunion will be in the way of a basket picnic for all old soldiers with the exception of members of Co. E., who will be served with dinner by Capt. Stevens. All persons from this side will go to Port Matilda where vehicles will be in waiting to convey everyone across the mountain. The 45th is Gov. Beaver's old regiment and Mr. Beaver will be present and preside on this occasion. Altogether there are about 55 survivors of the above Company, of which Henry Stevens was the first Captain and about 20 are expected to be present.

ODD FELLOWS WILL PICNIC.

There will be a picnic at Hunters park next Saturday of the I. O. O. F. from State College, Lemont, Boalsburg, Pine Grove Mills, Stormstown, Milesburg and Bellefonte. It was proposed by the State College lodge and is to be a basket picnic. There will be a large number of people there and an enjoyable time will be had. All are invited, whether members of the order or not

HELL hath no fory like a Cleveland scorned.

THE 19TH ANNUAL PICNIC AND EXHIBITION OF THE PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY, SEPTEMBER 12 TO 17.—Work has commenced in earnest in the Park. The committee is on the ground and gangs of men are at work fitting up the surroundings and all will be in readiness by the 10th of September for those desiring to camp.

TENTS.

Orders for tents are pouring in every day. Two hundred and twenty-five are already engaged. The committee has increased its orders twice already. With these and what they will be able to get from the State, they expect to be able to provide for all.

PERMANENT WATER SUPPLY.

Two inch galvanized water pipes are being permanently laid with numerous spring hydrants, and water troughs, so that there will be an abundance of free water for man and beast.

PUBLIC PAVILLIONS.

Numerous conopy top tents will be put up, with seats for the free use of the public, thus forming numerous pavilions for the people to congregate, on the ground.

SPEAKERS AND MUSIC.

Speakers and music are being arranged for. Professor Crawford has been engaged to conduct the vocal music during the meeting in the auditorium; a large class of singers is being organized.

Several bands and orchestras have tendered their services, so that a delightful free entertainment will be provided for each day, with free steroptican exhibition and pyrotechnic displays in the evenings.

MEETINGS.

Grange meetings every day and evening. Temperance meeting Wednesday afternoon and evening. The Women's Committee of the State Grange will hold a public meeting every morning at 9 o'clock in the auditorium free to all ladies. The Veterans will hold their meeting on Friday the 16th of September. This promises to be grandest free entertainment ever given in the Central part of the state. The gathering will in every respect be made worthy the best people of our county and deserves the liberal patronage of the people not only in the occupancy of tents but in a general attendance and encouragement.

THE EXHIBITION.

The State College and State Experiment Station will make a large display of Horticultural and agricultural products, maps, charts &c. occupying an entire building.

A large number of manufacturers and dealers have already secured space, and will make a display of all kinds of Agricultural Implements; harness and saddlery; carriages, buggies, carts &c., thorough-bred horses: milk cows and sheep; plants, flowers and shrubs; musical instruments; fruits and groceries; dry goods and notions; hardware and implements; clothing &c.

OTHER EXHIBITORS.

Word is coming in daily of other exhibitors so that we have now the assurance that the exhibit will be large and creditable of which notice will be given from week to week as the courtesy of our county newspapers will accord the committee.

For further information address the chairman Leonard Rhone, Centre Hall.

LUTHERAN REUNION.

The second annual reunion, of the Lutheran church, will be held at Susquehanna Heights on Thursday, Sept. 1st,

A special train on the P. R. R. will leave Northumberland at 6 p. m. for Bellefonte and intermediate stations. 250 passengers are guaranteed between Bellefonte and Center Hall.

Carriages will convey passengers from Northumberland Bridge to the grounds for 15 cents, return 10 cents.

Steps and railing have recently been built from the foot of the Heights to the ground, which makes it quite easy to walk

Dinner and supper will be served at 50 cents per meal at the Shreiffmy to all persons notifying the Drumheller Brothers Sunbury, Pa. Persons who desire can buy their tickets. Tickets can be checked on the grounds.

All Lutherans, irrespective of Synodical relations, are most cordially invited to attend. Persons desiring further information will address

Rev. A. N. WARNER,
Northumberland, Pa.

Rev. W. E. Fisher, of Center Hall, will be one of the speakers.

A SUCCESSFUL CHURCH ENTERPRISE.

The village camp at the Evangelical church on Willowband street, Bellefonte, Pa., which commenced on August 2d, closing Aug 9th, was a decided success, There were ten ministers present besides Rev. J. Hartzler, P. E., of the district and Bishop W. M. Stanfork, of Harrisburg Pa. On Monday evening the 8th inst the church was solemnly dedicated to God, Bishop Stanford officiating. Following the dedication the same evening the Lord's supper was celebrated and a large number participated. It was indeed good to be there. The members and pastor feel very grateful to God and the kind friends outside of their own fold, who came so nobly to their help in this their time of need. And now that they have so cozy and comfortable a house to worship in, which was by many prophecied to be a failure, we cordially invite all who can make it convenient to come and worship with us. Sunday school, 9:00 a. m.; preaching, 10:30 a.m. and 7:30 p. m. every Sabbath; prayer meeting at 8 p. m., every Wednesday night.

E. W. KOONTZ,
Pastor.

PERSONAL PENCILINGS.

Mrs. James Passmore, of Burnside is ill, she is attended by Dr. Buckingham, of Philipsburg.

Rev. Kline, of Allentown, officiated at the Bellefonte Episcopal church last Sunday morning.

Mr. N. S. Bailey, of the *Keystone Gazette*, moved last Monday into the Graham house on Linn street.

George Ard, of Pine Grove Mills, died last Saturday at an advanced age. He leaves a wife and two sons.

Mrs. Stewart Pierce from Ohio, is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Daniel McGinley, on East Lamb street.

Mrs. Frank R. Jackson and her daughter Katharine are visiting at the home of W. F. Reeder, on North Alleghany St.

Mrs. Charles Tripple departed last Saturday for a visit among friends at Wellsboro, Toga county, also Sunbury and other places.

Miss Ella Coffman, one of Altoona's most accomplished young lady's is at present the guest of Mrs. Harry Ryan, on Willow Bank street.

Wilbur Harris, former assistant Post Master here but now located at Washington, D. C. is visiting friends at Bellefonte He will remain about three weeks.

Miss Lizzie Shortlidge, of Bellefonte, gave a party in honor of her cousin from Wilmington, Delaware, last week Tuesday evening. Her cousin is a daughter of Dr. Shortlidge.

E. C. Tuten, manager of the Eureka Grocery, is doing all in his power to please all his customers and he has a very efficient assistant in the old and experienced clerk, Geo Marshal.

Miss Mary Kelly, who is attending the German Medical College of Philadelphia, and her sister Stella of Snow Shoe, have been visiting at the residence of Mr. Geo. Sellers, of Phillipsburg.

Did you ever notice where the Eureka Grocery store is, why on High street next door to Post office and Earle C. Tuten the manager and his able clerk Geo Marshal will give you a hearty welcome call and see them.

The Phillipsburg Water Company, at a late meeting elected the following officers: J. N. Casanova, president; Wm. E. Irwin, Robert Loyd, A. Y. Casanova, Wm. H. McCauslaad, G. F. Hoop and A. Moyer, directors.

Col D. S. Dunham has been away for some weeks on a visit to friends and relatives in New England and Canada. He is now home again and can be seen at his old stopping place at the News Stand of his son, F. S. Dunham, on High street, Bellefonte.

Mrs A. O. Furst will hold a festival for the benefit of the Presbyterian church organ fund next Friday evening August 26 A rich and delicate repast will be served for the small sum of twenty five cents. The festival will be at the home of Judge Furst on Linn Street.

Christopher Herkheimer, of near Julian a brother of Adam Herkheimer who formerly lived in Bellefonte died last Saturday quite suddenly. He was born in Germany and had lived in this country for forty five years. Funeral last Sunday; a large number of people attended.

R. M. Magee and family, former residents of Bellefonte but for the last four or five years living in Philadelphia have been spending a few days among friends in their old home. All were glad to see them and hundreds of times they were asked "when are you coming back here to live?"

Jacob Woodring, of Port Matilda, was in Bellefonte last Saturday. He did not forget to call at the REPUBLICAN office. He is a pleasant gentleman to meet and the only regret we have is that he does not call oftener. Call again, Jacob, and if you will send word when you are coming we will kill the fatted calf.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Lewis, of East Linn St, have been entertaining for the past three weeks Mr. Samuel Obenrdorf of Baltimore, Mrs. Beerwald and Mr. Rosenburg of Philadelphia. They express themselves as much pleased with the town. Mrs William Obenrdorf of Baltimore is also a guest who arrived this week

John C. Henderson, of Julian, late county commissioner was in town on Tuesday to attend the republican county convention. There would be something wrong if we had a convention without Henderson. He is one of the most earnest republicans in the county and we will bet our bottom dollar he is satisfied with the ticket.

AUGUST COURT.

Court convened Monday morning Judge A. O. Furst instructed the grand Jury as to there duties D. S. Stewart of Snow Shoe was chosen as foreman a position he is well qualified to fill. The time of the court for the morning was taken up with petitions &c presented by the attornoys.

ON TUESDAY.

First case presented was commonwealth vs Oscar Harm assault and battery verdict of Jury guilty in manner and form as indicated.

Herbert E. Goodman, of Philipsburg, took the oath of allegiance and was made a citizen of the United States. Commonwealth vs. F. Miles Renner, Arvilla Lucas, prosecutor, plead not guilty. Case was tried, verdict guilty. Sentenced to pay a fine of $100.00 and cost. Commonwealth vs Andrew Hoffman aggriavated assault and battery. Herbert Goodman plantiff District Attorney Meyers opened the case. He stated that the disagreement was about the price of a horse which plaintiff had obtained at a livery stable. He stated that the defendant had pointed a revolver at plaintiff; that fortunately the weapon did not "go off." Hence he was also indicted for carrying a concealrd deadly weapon. Mr. Goodman, the plaintiff, was the first witness. He lives in Philipsburg. On the 11th of May he and Mrs. Barr hired a rig of Andrew Huffman. The difficulty occurred when they came back with the conveyance. The witness testified that the defendant had treated him and Mrs. Barr shamefully. He was cross examined by Col. Keller. He admitted that he had drank some liquor while away. Commonwealth against overseer of Snow Shoe Twp. Grand Jury ignored the bill.

DEATH OF JAMES JUDGE.

The Tyrone *Times* said that James Judge, one of Tyrone's oldest and most respected citizens, was found dead in bed at his home on North Pennsylvania avenue at an early hour Friday morning, Mr. Judge, who is in his seventy-sixth year, has for some time been enfeebled by old age, and has recently suffered from a billious attack, but has sufficiently recovered to be able to be about his home on Thursday. He became a resident of this vicinity in 1846, coming from Sligo county Ireland. In 1852 his wife and three children, whom he left behind, joined him in his new home. His wife preceded him to the grave about one year ago. He was the father of five children, three of whom survive. They are Michael, of Tyrone; D. F., of Bellefonte, and James, of Denver, Colorado. The deceased was a consistent member of the Catholic church. The funeral will take place from Saint Mathew's chapel Monday morning at 8 o'clock. Interment in the Catholic cemetery.

KILLED NEAR TYRONE.

An unknown man, aged about thirty years sandy hair, light complexion, and weighing about 150 or 160 pounds, was killed by a passing train at the water station just below Tyrone Thursday evening. The shifting crew picked up the lifeless body of the unfortunate man and conveyed it to the depot, and later on undertakers Burley & Graham took charge of the corpse, and this afternoon buried it at the Tyrone cemetery. The man was evidently a tramp. No papers were found on his person to indicate his name or where he belonged. Both arms were tattooed, one finger representing a seaman, which would indicate that the man was probably at one time a sailor.—*Tyrone Herald.*

It is said that a man answering to the above description was in Bellefonte on Tuesday or Wednesday. This is no clew to his identity, however, as no one here knew him.

BASE BALL.

Mountain League Record.

The present standing of the Mountain League clubs in their championship contest is:

	WON	LOST	PER CENT
Tyrone	11	6	647
Bellefonte	11	6	647
Philipsburg	8	6	500
Houtzdale	7	8	466
Clearfield	5	9	355

THREE OLD MEN.

Last Saturday there were three brothers in Bellefonte, one of whom was past 82 years of age and the other two, twins, past 80. They are all hale and hearty and apparently good for many years yet. They were George, John and William Alexander, the latter being an ex-Sheriff, he having served a term in Centre County about twenty years ago.

DIED—At the residence of his son at Rock Spring, Saturday, August 13, of cancer in the face, Daniel Frank, aged 74 years. He leaves a wife and five children. He was buried Sunday, Aug 14.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE